

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

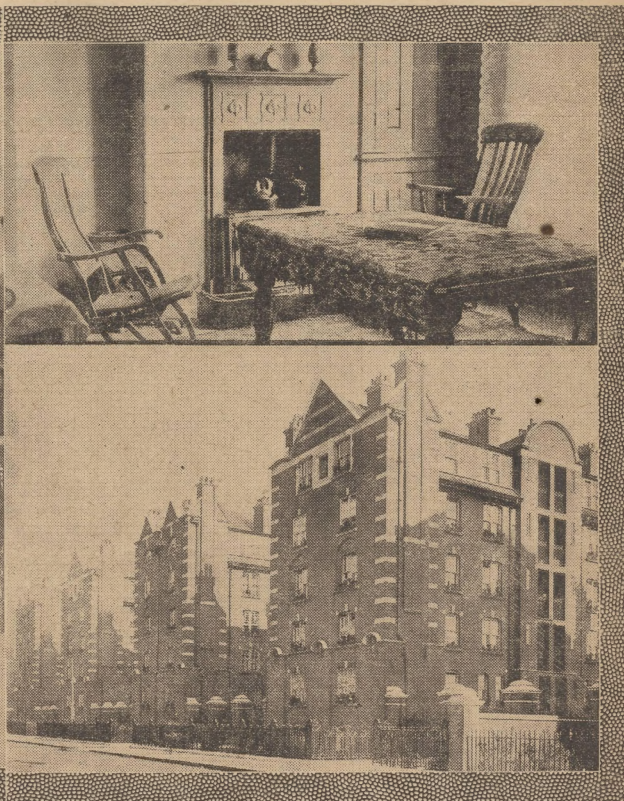
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FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1905.

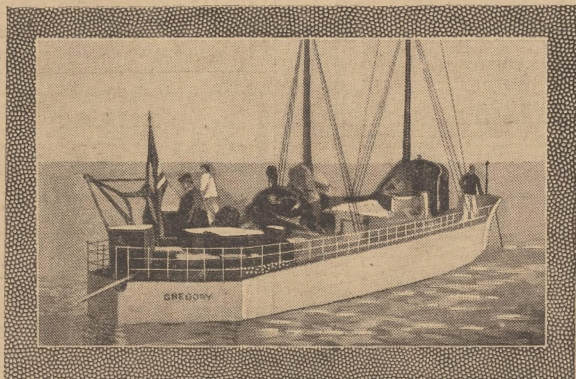
One Halfpenny.

PRINCE OF WALES VISITS MODEL DWELLINGS IN CHELSEA.



His Royal Highness is greatly interested in the welfare of those who find it hard to make both ends meet. He visited the dwellings in Beaufort-street yesterday. The first photograph shows him leaving one of the buildings. At the top, on the right-hand side, is one of three rooms, which let in sets at eight shillings a week. Below is a general view of the buildings.

MOTOR-BOAT CROSSES THE ATLANTIC.



The American vessel Gregory, first of its kind to run from America to England. It is proceeding to Sebastopol.

NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.



At the Agricultural Hall, opened by the King yesterday afternoon. Group representing Nelson, surrounded by types of admirals from the time of Queen Elizabeth to that of King Edward.

PERSONAL.

TOM.—Write or call at once. Illness—NORA.
WEST.—Write soon D—5 and always thinking of you.
NORTH.
MISSING.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend or relative, who has disappeared abroad, in the Colonies or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which reaches every town in the whole world where any English-speaking person is to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," 3 Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C.

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PUBLIC NOTICE.

MRS. ADA S. BALLIN,
 The Celebrated Author on Health and Beauty.
 Editors of "WOMANHOOD" and "BABY: The Mothers' Magazine."
 Will LECTURE TO-DAY (Friday), May 26th, at 3.30 p.m., on
 "THE HYGIENE OF THE TOILET,"
 at PORTMAN ROOMS, BAKER-ST. LONDON, W.
 Entrance, Old Billings, which admits to the
**INTERNATIONAL HAIRDRESSERS' AND ALLIED
 TRADES EXHIBITION.**
 OPEN from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
 A few reserved seats at One Shilling extra.
 Mrs. Ballin will be pleased to reply to questions after the lecture.
 Specimen copies of Mrs. Ballin's magazines will be sent gratis on receipt of 2d. to cover postage.
 Address 18, BOMERSET-ST., PORTMAN-SQUARE, W.

THEATRES AND MUSIC-HALLS.

DELPHI.—Lessee and Manager, Otho Stuart.
LAST NIGHTS. THIS EVENING, at 8, HAMLET.
 H. B. Irving, Oscar Asche, Mrs. Tree, Lily Brayton. HAM-
 LET, MAT. SAT., at 2. To. 8.50 Gerrard.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE.
 TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.50.
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.
 A new play in three acts, adapted by Sydney Grundy from
 "Les Affaires Cook les Affaires," by Octave Mirbeau.
NEXT MATINEE SATURDAY, June 3, at 2.30.
 and every following Wednesday, at 8.15 by
 "The Ballad-Monger."

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
 TO-MORROW (Saturday), and EVERY EVENING, at
 8.30, a New Light Play, in 4 acts, by James Bernard Fagan,
 author.

HAWTHORNE, U.S.A.

MATINEE SATURDAY, June 3, at 2.30.
 and every following Wed. and Sat.
 Box office 10 to 5. Telephone 3193 and 3194 Gerrard.

LYRIC THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. William Greet.
 Under the Management of Mr. Tom B. Davis.
MR. MARIN HARVEY'S REASON. TO-NIGHT and
 Every Evening, except Wednesday, at 8.0, and every Wed-
 nesday, at 2. HAMLET. Every Wednesday, 8.0, and Every
 Saturday, at 2.0. THE ONLY WAY. Tel., 3687 Gerrard.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
 Will appear EVERY EVENING, at 8.30 sharp, in
 JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.

Adapted from the story of Katherine Cecil Thurston
 by E. Temple Thurston.
 Mr. HENRY VILBERT. Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS
 Miss BELLA PATEMAN and Miss ELEANOR VERRILL.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.

COLISEUM. CHARMING-CROSS.

PROGRAMME at 12 noon and 8 p.m.
QUEENIE LEIGHTON. "THIS CHURCH OF THE GREAT BRITAIN," BELT CLIMB in Comic Ward
 Poaching Scene. EDWARD LEWIS, the famous
 "TWO-DOLLAR LUNCH" from FLORODORA, and NINA
 WOOD in a Phrenological Scene. ARTHUR REBECK in a
 military interlude. New illustrated song "THE
 REKIPPER'S WAVING." "THE JOLLY JOLLIEK."
 Grand Spectacle, PORT ARTHUR. CHARMING NEW
 VARIETIES.

PROGRAMME at 3 p.m. and 9 p.m.
WALTER PASMORE. the famous Savoyard, as
 "HAMLET," with MARGUERITE BROADFOOTE as
 "OPHELIA." **LAST TWO WEEKS** of the prima donna
 MADAME ALICE ESTY as "VIOLETTA" in the Supper
 Scene from "LA TRAVIATA." MISS WINIFRED HARE
 and MISS TUPPY BODEN in "THE PRINCESS AND
 THE TROUBADOUR." RUTLAND HARRINGTON in his
 charming Song Scene. **THE GRAND DELIRIOUS RAGING
 SPECTACLE.** MANY CHARMING VARIETIES.

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 Prices: Boxes, 2s. 2s., 21 11s. 6d., and 21 1s. 6d.;
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 No. 7,069 Gerrard; Grand Circle, 3 1/2; Balcony, 6d. (Tele-
 phone No. 7,069 Gerrard). Children under twelve half-
 price to all Pautens and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum,
 London."

THE LYCEUM.—TO-NIGHT, 6.30 and 9.—
 Raymond and Kerkamp, Ibsen Obed, Hotty King,
 Hilgert Arks Troupe, 7 Lindt, Deut and Harris, Annie,
 Downes and Langford, Musical Jokesters, Ricardo and
 Salving, Pictures, Rudolphs Bohemian Girl by Lyceum
 Operatic Company.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

Representative Displays from

New Zealand, Grenada, Sierra Leone,

Victoria, Trinidad, Southern Nigeria,

Barbados, British Guiana, Gold Coast Colony,

Great South Island, and

Displays by Native Warriors, 2.30, 4.30, and 6.30.

CAFE CHANTANT at 4.30 and 6.30.

Military Band and numerous other daily attractions.

Table d'Hôte Lunches and Dinners in the new Dining-
 rooms overlooking the grounds. Messrs J. Lyons and Co.
 (Ld.) Caterers by Appointment.

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R OXFORD-CIRCUS. W. Daily at 3 and 8. Over 2000
 acting and performing animals. Daily, 3 and 8. Prices
 2s. to 5s. Children half-price.

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EXHIBITION, EARL'S COURT.

Open 12 noon to 11 p.m. Admission 1s.

Naval Construction, Armaments, Shipping and Fisheries.

NELSON'S CENTENARY FLEET and all Naval

Events from the 16th to 20th Century.

FISHING VILLAGES.

Working Salmons, Model of "Victory,"

and of the 2nd LIFE GUARDS.

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Real Battleships of 47 Guns, Hotchkiss and Maxims.

The Cruiser is manned by a crew of 150 Hand-picked.

Go on board and visit the Mediterranean ports.

Travellers 1895—First Prize, Fisher's Great World Death

of Nelson—West's "Our Navy" Maxim's Captain Flying

Machine, Paddy Grotto, Indian Canoes, Great Canadian

Indian Village—Great Guano and Pigeon—Lynce's

Summertime, Vanderdecken's Haunted Cabin, Pansies Sea

Flight, Mrs. de la M. Musical and Dramatic Sketches,

Thillium Canoe, Auto-Photographic Portraits, Sketch

back, Chant.

FLEET RESTAURANT IN QUEEN'S COURT.

The LATEST NOVELTIES IN THE WORLD of DRESS

PATTERNS POST FREE ON APPROVAL.

None to Compare.—A Customer writes:—"It was hard to decide—they were such a lovely selection. I got patterns from other places, but none to compare with yours." (Original letter enclosed).

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All Wool Lovely Designs, unique combinations of colour. Prices—1/6s, 1/1s, 1/2s, 1/4s, and 1/8s per yard.

ÆOLIENNES

and CREPILLES, in Silk and Wool Mixtures, most delicate and stylish colourings. 2/3s, 3/4s, 3/2s, 3/4s, 4/6s, and 4/8s per yard.

USEFUL TWEEDES.

For Holiday and Knockabout Wear. Latest Stripes, Checks, and Fancy Mixtures. Prices—9/6s, 1/0s, 1/5s, 1/1s, 1/4s, 2/6s, and 3/- per yard.

FANCY COTTON EFFECTS.

Charming Novelties for the Summer Season. Dainty Printed Muslins, Embroidered Lawns, Silk and Crepe Zephyrs, Catinelles, Creponas, Spot Lawns, and Lappet Muslins, &c.

ALL PARCELS SENT CARRIAGE FREE.

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NOTE THE ADDRESS BELOW.

Hours, 9 till 9. Thursdays close 4.

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TOWN HALL BUILDINGS, MARE ST., HACKNEY, N.E.

MORE ANGRY SCENES IN THE HOUSE.

Mr. Balfour Fixes Date for
Vote of Censure.

'C-B.'s' HALF-PLEDGE.

Prime Minister Dictates Terms for
Decencies of Debate.

Another storm burst upon the House of Commons yesterday. In a crowded Chamber "C-B." asked the Prime Minister to fix a day for the Vote of Censure upon the question of the Colonial Conference.

Mr. Balfour almost leapt to his feet. Paler than usual, he cast a contemptuous glance across the floor and said: "I am anxious to give a day, but the leader of the Opposition has not responded to the appeal I made with regard to the conduct of the debate. In the debate on the Vote of Censure I shall put the same speakers, more or less, in the order as on Monday last, and I shall reserve my own speech to a later stage. I am bound," he added, "to see that, so far as I am concerned, the scene which disgraced us on Monday—"

"The disgrace rests upon you!" shouted Mr. John Ellis across the floor.

"C-B.'s" EXCITEMENT.

Shaking his forefinger at the elderly Radical, the Premier retorted: "There is a danger of a recurring scene, for the hon. gentleman was quite unable to control himself on the last occasion."

"C-B." excitedly returned to the fray.

"I am greatly surprised that the Prime Minister has renewed such a stipulation. It is not serious. If similar circumstances to Monday arise a similar expression of opinion may result."

"You're instigating a row!" yelled a Ministerialist. The Chamber rang with Tory shouts.

"C-B.'s" voice quivered. "I couldn't think of giving the undertaking asked for," he replied.

Mr. Balfour rejoined that "C-B.'s" proposition struck at the root of Parliamentary dignity.

The right hon. gentleman had told his friends they would be justified in pursuing the same course.

Well, the same situation would arise. (Wild Ministerial cheers.)

"C-B." semi-purple with anger, gasped: "I have never known a member of Parliament, still less a high official of the Crown, who refused, or appeared to evade—"

YELLS OF "WITHDRAW."

But he got no further. Led by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Ministerialists yelled "Withdraw!"

"You lose your temper the moment any question arises," said the Liberal leader with excitement as he shot a heated glance at the white face of the young Chancellor.

"Withdraw!" volleyed the Tories, and "C-B." sat down.

Again Mr. Balfour asked: "Will the Opposition give the Government a fair hearing if a day is appointed?"

"Certainly," said "C-B.," "if the debate is conducted fairly."

"In somewhat grudging and halting language," responded the Premier, with a note of contempt in his voice, "the leader of the Opposition consents. In that case, I shall be quite ready to give Tuesday next."

The House then passed to the Orders of the Day.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Apprehensions Revived as to the State of Mr. Chamberlain's Health.

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.—There has been a good deal of talk in the Lobby to-day with regard to Mr. Chamberlain's interference in the Transvaal loan debate yesterday. The view is generally taken that the right hon. gentleman spoke as if he was by no means in his ordinary health.

His voice was very much weaker than usual, and his speech entirely lacked that vigour which characterises his utterances in the House. It is apparent that the anxieties which the right hon. gentleman has had for some time are beginning to tell even upon his vigorous constitution; and, indeed, it is stated on what ought to be good authority that his doctors have advised him to take much greater care of himself than has hitherto been his custom.

Keen resentment is expressed at the attack in the "Times" upon the absent Speaker. The suggestion that Mr. Gully ought to retire if he cannot attend to his duties has given great offence, especially in view of the right hon. gentleman's illness. It is also pointed out that Mr. Gully has only been absent ten times in ten years, which compares very favourably with Mr. Speaker Peel's fifty-nine absences during a similar period.

REPORTED NAVAL BATTLE.

Rumours That Togo Has Been De-
feated by Baltic Fleet.

NO CONFIRMATION.

Significant rumours of a naval battle are current in St. Petersburg, New York, and Manila.

Although no confirmation has come to hand, the source of the rumours in New York is believed to be a correspondent of the Associated Press, usually very reliable in its information.

The fleets are stated to have met south of the Island of Formosa, with the result that the Japanese fleet was defeated.

At the same time comes news of the Russian fleet having been sighted near the Batan Islands, midway between Formosa and the Philippines. This occurred as long ago as last Friday.

In Manchuria, General Rennenkampf has sustained a reverse, after attacking a strong Japanese position.

The action was probably a serious one, for although the Press censors have stifled the disclosure of any particulars, it has leaked out that the Russian casualties were exceptionally severe.

The Russians are hurrying on with the construction of their lines of defence.

BLOODSHED AT WARSAW.

Jews Massacre Jews Without Any Official
Interference.

WARSAW, Thursday.—Much excitement prevailed throughout the Jewish quarters of the city last night.

The Jewish Socialist organisation, known as the Bund, started in the evening to purge the Jewish districts of all disreputable characters, wrecking cafes, disorderly houses, and the other public resorts, and smashing the furniture.

Besides the four persons who were reported killed yesterday evening, fourteen of the injured are reported to be dying.

The Socialists are carrying on the work of destruction without interference on the part of the authorities; not a single policeman is to be seen, and only a patrol of gendarmes occasionally appears on the scene and disperses the crowds, which immediately gather again.—Reuter.

DOES ATLANTIC LEAD?

Conflicting Wireless Messages as to the Great
Ocean Yacht Race.

NEW YORK, Thursday.—The Minnehaha has sent a message by wireless telegraphy via the Teutonic that in the evening of May 22 she sighted the Valhalla in latitude 40deg. north, longitude 53deg. west. A moderate breeze was blowing.

At midnight she sighted the Fleur-de-Lys and the Atlantic, 37 miles ahead of the Valhalla, the Fleur-de-Lys leading.

The successive reports received regarding the position of the Atlantic throw doubt on the accuracy of the above.

Later.—The steamer Haversham Grange sighted at five o'clock on Sunday evening in latitude 40deg. 24min. north, longitude 55deg. 42min. west a two-masted schooner sailing at great speed. The description given of the vessel leads to the belief that she was the Hamburg, which, it is calculated, would mean that she was approximately eight hours behind the Atlantic.—Reuter.

TWELVE DAYS ADRIFT.

Terrible Experience of Two Fishermen in Fog
and Ice.

Two men, James Bartlett and William Merritt, of the fishing schooner Excelsa, have suffered twelve days in an open boat, on the ice-fields off Scattered.

They were rescued by the French schooner Leon Emile, and taken to North Sydney, Cape Breton, where they are recovering from their privations.

On April 29 they left their vessel to look after the trawls, and were lost in a fog.

The men had nothing but the fish in the trawl to eat. They wandered in desperation until they saw birds catch fish and begin to devour them on the ice. Chasing the birds away they seized the fish, already half eaten.

SHAH'S NUMEROUS SUITE.

The Shah of Persia is bringing a numerous suite with him on his visit to Europe.

In his retinue is his Majesty's youngest son and grandson, three other princes, the Grand Vizier, ten Ministers, three chief secretaries, four doctors, eleven Court functionaries, and nine personal attendants.

PRINCE AND POOR.

H.R.H. Suggests Tenements at Weekly
Rental of Two Shillings.

In a notable way the Prince of Wales has again shown his deep interest in the housing of the working classes.

With delightful informality, he visited yesterday a large and handsome block of industrial dwellings in Beaufort-street, Chelsea, and inspected four of the tenements.

To Earl Cadogan, who accompanied him, the Prince said that he thought the dwellings were in every way satisfactory.

His Royal Highness, however, had a useful suggestion to make.

He thought it would have been a good thing to build some cheaper tenements with a weekly rental of about 2s., for the poorer people.

The Mayor and Town Clerk of Chelsea also accompanied the Prince, and a large crowd, composed mainly of poor folk, heartily cheered the popular Prince.

ROYAL HONEYMOON.

Prince Gustav and Princess Margaret To Be
Escorted by Warships.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

STOCKHOLM, Thursday.—The honeymoon trip of Prince Gustav Adolf and Princess Margaret of Connaught on their journey to Sweden will be marked by naval honours.

The bridal pair will be escorted from Copenhagen to Helsingborg by the Swedish Coast Squadron.

Their Royal Highnesses will then proceed by rail to Nyneas, near Stockholm, after probably paying a short visit to the royal chateau of Sofiero, near Helsingborg.

From Nyneas the royal couple will travel by the royal yacht Drott, with an escort of a division of torpedo-boats, to Stockholm, where they will be saluted by a squadron of battleships.

WILY LUNATIC.

Woman Who Eluded Eight Keepers at Bir-
mingham Captured in Bedfordshire.

The female lunatic who was brought with a party from Essex to be taken to Hollymoor Asylum, Birmingham, and who escaped at New-street Station, when she arrived at the Midland city, has been discovered.

She was found yesterday at Biggleswade, in Bedfordshire.

It transpires that, taking advantage of the crowd at New-street Station, she eluded the eight keepers in charge of the party, and, threading her way through the people, fled through a subway on to another platform.

A band of warders from the Hollymoor Asylum, together with their Essex colleagues, searched for hours in vain. Police and railway officials were advised and put on the alert, but the demented woman, with all the wiliness of the insane, escaped capture until yesterday, having been at liberty for the greater part of a night and a day.

CATHEDRAL IN PERIL.

Rotting Piles Beneath Crypt at Winchester
Causes Arch to Split.

Is the cathedral in danger? Winchester men are asking, in view of a serious subsidence at the east end.

A large crack in the south wall has been visible for many years. Now one of the Norman arches of the crypt has split. The Dean and Chapter, thoroughly alarmed, have called in the architects, and trial holes have been sunk.

At a depth of 16ft. a sudden inrush of water through a gravel bed has stopped further operations. This part of the cathedral is built on piles over the bed of the River Itchen, and these piles are gradually rotting away.

It is probable that the water will have to be diverted and the area drained, which would involve the Dean and Chapter in great expense.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

A new Lancashire company, just formed with a capital of £100,000, is to be called the Togo Spinning Company.

Four sailors have been shockingly injured, two, it is feared, fatally, by a terrible accident on board the Liverpool steamer Corby, at Antwerp.

The French garrison at Tulear, in Madagascar, is reported to be in a critical situation, and a number of Europeans are said to have been massacred.

The proposals of the Army boot contractors of Raunds, involving the payment of a penny per pair more than they had previously offered, were yesterday rejected.

JARDY ARRIVES FOR THE DERBY.

French Candidate Is Heard to
Cough Ominously.

"100 TO 1 CHANCE."

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

FOLKESTONE, Thursday Night.—France's hope of winning the English Derby hung on a slender steel rope, as Jardy, M. Blanc's champion three-year-old, was slung ashore from the cross-Channel boat Princess of Wales to-day.

A shudder of excitement passed through the small crowd watching the disembarking. The thrill was caused, not by the method of the perilous transfer, but because Jardy was heard to cough with that fatal raucousness betraying the fact that he suffered from the ailment epidemic in the French stable for the last few weeks.

The listening experts knew that the fate of the French horse was sealed, and that he held not a 100 to 1 chance of winning the Blue Riband of the English Turf.

Jardy had been transferred for safety's sake from the superb establishment, La Fouilleuse, to the owner's other palatial stables at La Châtaineira, where it was hoped he might escape the infection. He was sent on to Chantilly on Wednesday night, and travelled via Boulogne to Folkestone to-day, arriving over a placid sea with the weather of summer-like splendour.

The colt seemed to have enjoyed the journey, with Caius and a stable companion named Versailles, whose mission was for company's sake en voyage, and to lead perhaps in the final gallops on Epsom Downs.

JARDY'S MENTOR DESPONDENT.

As the steamer moved to her berth we saw Jardy's well-known blaze face peering from a van facing the quay. In a similar vehicle Caius stood, and the third horse was in a cheap outfit, familiar to meander aimless on board ship.

One of the earliest to come ashore was Mr. Adams, who usually travels in control of M. Blanc's first-class racers. He is of the sphinx-like order of face, but there was no mistaking Adams's resigned demeanour now as he said:—

"I will tell you more to-morrow, for this beastly coughing may develop."

We watched the operations from ship to shore and thence to the railway boxes for Epsom. All was done with a scrupulous care as if the life to the heir to a throne might be jeopardised by the slightest hitch, the South-Eastern Company's officials working with cleverness, promptitude, and extreme care. Mr. Adams looked on at the process with a watchful eye, for the risk was all the company's yet.

Versailles was first to get along. Then followed Jardy, a stable-boy well known to the colt sitting in front holding his head, and having not the slightest trouble with his charge as he swung high in the air, for the tide was rather low. The horses were landed safely. All were swathed as to the legs in blue tied with orange tapes, M. Blanc's familiar racing colours. The horses were in the same colours, and the cleverness of their build was soon seen. They are for transport both by road and on board ship.

Versailles was walked out of his cradle on landing, but a body of railway officials dragged and pushed Jardy's van along to the distant railway bay. Here the front part of the four-wheeled vehicle was uncoupled, and the colt walked down the sliding stair now formed by the detachable partition. The colt was clothed, and little could be seen of him.

FRENCH CHAMPION'S DISMAL CUGH.

This son of Flying Fox is not at his best a handsome horse, but his demeanour was perfectly gentle, and again and again we heard the fateful coughing as he was put in the comfortable horse-box for Epsom.

Hay, some corn, and water had been brought over from France, but some attractive English green food was now given Jardy, under the direction of Mr. James Peden, jun., whose establishment at Folkestone is so well known to French and English owners.

Again we heard the coughing as Jardy was enclosed, and general sympathy was expressed that a sportsman so well deserving as M. Blanc should have such horribly bad luck as that which robs him of all appreciable chance in England, and also deprives him of all hope in the French Derby next Sunday, unless, indeed, his horse Genial be a miracle in a plague-stricken time.

The dramatic things occurring in the Anglo-French racing competition almost pass belief. Holcaust's case and Pretty Polly's are familiar in their way, but Jardy's case is one in which the silver streak of sea, as in Holcaust's tragic instance, cannot be held as the cause.

GREY FRIARS.

KING AT THE GREAT TOURNAMENT.

Navy and Army United In a Striking Display.

HIS MAJESTY'S PRAISE.

"It is very effective," said his Majesty the King as the grand naval pageant came to its splendid climax at the Royal Naval and Military Tournament which his Majesty opened yesterday.

The evolution of the Royal Navy from Armada times to the present is shown in ten "marches" of tars dressed and armed in the style of different periods.

There are sea-dogs in steel armour, dandy warriors in lace and frills, and a host of other curious styles.

A model of the Victory is brought in, followed by a 4.7 gun and a battery of smaller pieces. The arena is then nearly filled by a striking and picturesque assembly numbering several hundreds.

Grander than in any previous year is the grand military tattoo by the mixed bands of the Brigade of Guards, and the King was so pleased that he sent for Lieutenant J. M. Rogan, the presiding bandmaster, and complimented him.

The Royal Horse Artillery and the Horse Guards go through brilliant and beautiful evolutions with a dash and daring that take the beholder's breath away. There are also exciting combats of all kinds, including the drill game of "pushball."

In the royal box with the King were his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Admiral Fisher, and Lord Roberts.

Among the officers present were Lord Methuen and General Baden-Powell. The Japanese Legation was well represented.

"This being Trafalgar century year, the word "Naval" precedes "Military" in the title of the tournament for the first time in its twenty-six years' history.

NEW CLUB'S HISTORIC HOME.

Manor and Park Where Charles I. Spent Many Happy Hours.

Arrangements have just been completed by an influential committee to acquire the historic old Manor House, Imber Court, Thames Ditton, for the purpose of forming an exclusive club for trotting matches.

The grounds run down to the banks of the Imber, a small tributary of the Thames, which will afford members plenty of accommodation for boating.

The course will be twice round to the mile, and the committee intend to hold weekly meetings, commencing in June.

Imber Court dates from before the time of Edward the Confessor.

It was here that Charles I. used to come from Hampton Court to enjoy the retirement of the beautiful garden, and here he spent some of the last really happy hours he ever knew.

MARVELLOUS SAMPLERS.

Patient Labour in Silk and Wool and Beads of Talented Ladies of Long Ago.

Especially interesting as portraying the art and industry of another age is the exhibition at the Wignore Galleries of antique needlework and embroidery.

Some of the needlework pictures, framed like old prints, look exactly like Bartolozzi's, their delicate colouring being perfectly reproduced, with only the face and hands painted in.

In the days before photography talented ladies exercised their skill in embroidering landscapes and representations of their homes. Executed on white silk with black and white silk or woollen threads, these have all the delicacy of pen-and-ink drawings, and are, moreover, practically unfading. Some examples shown date back to the middle of the seventeenth century.

There is a sampler dated 1600 worked exactly the same on both sides. A wonderful piece of work, containing many thousands of stitches, which must have taken years of patient labour.

FAILED AT THIRD GENERATION.

The grandfather and mother of George Storks Price kept the little post office at Solva, Pembrokeshire, in turn, during their lives.

For twelve years Price honourably maintained the trust, and then, succumbing to temptation, robbed, by forgery, one of the savings bank depositors of £100.

Justice Channell yesterday sentenced him to twelve months' hard labour.

BLIGHT IN MAY.

Great Havoc to Crops, but Better Weather in London.

There was a marked improvement in the weather yesterday, and it really seemed as if May was going to give us a parting taste of its best quality.

The cold snap was suspended, and top-coats and wraps were again hung up in wardrobes, to remain there, as everybody hopes, for months.

The spirits of Londoners rose correspondingly with the rise in the temperature. Ladies went shopping in light attire, and in all the parks crowds of people revelled in the genial sunshine. It was an ideal May day.

But in contrast to this change for the better, there comes from many counties a bitter tale of woe regarding the blighting effect of the recent cold May weather upon the crops and fruit orchards.

In Tunbridge Wells whole fields of potatoes have been cut off, and in the hop gardens the plants present a sickly yellow appearance.

Damage amounting to hundreds of pounds has been wrought to the potatoes and broad beans in Swindon district; frost has almost cleared off the pears in Worcester orchards, and the cherries and plums are almost utterly destroyed in Guildford neighbourhood.

The outlook for farmers and market gardeners is very gloomy in Leicestershire, where not for ten years have such destructive frosts been experienced in the closing days of May.

The sturdy gooseberry has alone defied the ravages of frost in the vale of Evesham. Apples, pears, plums, and strawberries promise greatly impoverished crops.

PSEUDO NURSES.

Two-Thirds of the Profession Said Not To Be Properly Qualified.

Sir Henry Burdett, giving evidence yesterday before the House of Commons Select Committee on State Registration of Nurses, said that of the 74,844 nurses in the kingdom probably not more than 25,000 were trained.

It was the profit on "private adventure homes" which made the pseudo nurse possible; the proprietor of one such home had recently left £27,000. He opposed registration, because he thought ill-qualified nurses would too easily get on the register.

What was needed was registration of schools and hospitals and homes for training.

HALF A MILE OF FIRE.

Wax Vesta Thrown from Motor-Car Destroys a Game Preserve.

Fire devastated yesterday a hundred acres of Runtun Heath, near Cromer, land used as a game preserve by Lord Suffield. The flames spread rapidly, and the line of fire was half a mile long.

Cottagers fired the furze round their sheds to save them. Only after five hours' hard work were the flames subdued.

Hundreds of pheasants' eggs and great numbers of young rabbits and birds were destroyed. A wax vesta thrown from a motor-car is believed to have caused the mischief.

POLITE, BUT DEADLY.

French Girl Begs Pardon After Stabbing a Complete Stranger.

A demure-looking little French girl, Marie Bouverie Gacienne, aged only fourteen, stood in the dock at Marylebone Police Court yesterday. She was charged with stabbing Elizabeth Ann Rutherford, of 2, Lochaber-street, Roath Park, Cardiff, who was a total stranger to her.

It all happened without any warning. As Elizabeth Rutherford was entering the first-class waiting-room, at Paddington Station, the girl stepped from behind the door and stabbed her in the right side of the face with a sharp instrument. Then she begged pardon in French.

At the police station a small, fancy knife, with a sharp-pointed blade, was found in the French girl's pocket. Her explanation to Mr. Plowden was that she had had some drink.

She was remanded to be medically examined.

MAGISTRATES PICK OAKUM.

During the hearing at Great Yarmouth yesterday of a charge against a tramp of refusing to pick oakum, samples were handed to the Bench by the prisoner.

Several magistrates began picking it, and one speedily reduced a piece to tow. The chairman complimented him, saying, "You have done your allotted task."

The tramp was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment.

WELSH TRUNK MYSTERY SOLVED.

Mrs. Waltho Makes a Remarkable Confession.

SENSATIONAL SCENE.

The trunk tragedy mystery, which has caused so much sensation in Llangollen, and up till now has baffled elucidation, has been solved.

Mrs. Waltho, widow of a drill-instructor, well known in the town, has confessed that the mummified remains are those of her child, of which she was delivered as far back as six years ago.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Waltho, who had tenanted the house, but had since gone to live at Wrexham, did not appear at the first coroner's hearing on the previous day, and she was arrested.

Her appearance before the coroner yesterday excited the greatest interest and excitement.

Mrs. Waltho appeared in the court with an air of self-possession and will power.

She admitted that she took the trunk with her when she went to No. 1, Oak-street.

Proves Contumacious.

Whilst she described the contents of the outer box, she resolutely refused to say anything about the smaller box inside. It was in this the remains were found.

The coroner pressed her to speak candidly, and to clear up the mystery.

Mrs. Waltho replied that she could say nothing without legal advice.

Again the coroner urged her to answer, adding that she need not admit anything that would incriminate her.

Mrs. Waltho then went and inspected her trunk, but still refused to say anything about the inner box.

The coroner: A worse deduction will be drawn unless you make some statement. You refuse to give any information as to the small tin box and its contents.

Mrs. Waltho: Yes, sir, I do.

The coroner: Do you suggest anyone put the smaller inside the larger trunk?—No answer.

A Clean Breast of It.

Mrs. Waltho's persistent silence produced a painful sensation, and upon the coroner's suggestion she retired with Mr. Ferrington, who was legally representing Mr. Green Davies, who had taken the premises a few days ago. Both were closely engaged for a long time discussing the situation.

Ultimately Mrs. Waltho returned to court and made a clean breast of the whole affair. She admitted the large trunk contained a smaller trunk, in which she placed the body of a child, of which she had been delivered six years ago last January, when she lived with Reuben Waltho as a servant two years before marrying him.

Not a soul, she said, knew about the child's birth. It was stillborn, and she concealed it, and was afraid to tell her husband in later years. The box had remained locked ever since in her possession, and was so taken on March 20 from Wrexham to Llangollen.

The Court was greatly excited over the admission, and the coroner, interposing, suggested a further adjournment to enable the police to prosecute inquiries.

Undoubtedly, he said, concealment of birth had taken place, and Mrs. Waltho was lucky that the graver charge of murder had not been threatened. The jury assented to adjournment until Friday, June 2, and Mrs. Waltho was liberated.

TRAMWAY TROUBLES.

How Cars Along the Embankment Would Affect the Railway.

Addressing the Select Committee of the House of Commons yesterday, Mr. Freeman pointed out that the proposed L.C.C. tramways along the Embankment would be actually over the District Railway.

The roof of the tunnel in parts was a coating of earth not more than eighteen inches in thickness.

If the conduit system were introduced that would necessitate the removal of the tunnel.

He also mentioned that it had never been thought worth while to run omnibuses along the Embankment, because it did not lend itself to "pick-up" traffic.

WORKMAN FALLS ON A POLICEMAN.

While a workman, named Herbert Oates, was moving some scaffolding on the roof of the King Lud public-house, Ludgate-circus, yesterday he slipped and fell a distance of 70ft., striking a policeman, named Charles Hill, who was standing below. Oates died at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where the policeman is said to be progressing favourably.

SHADOW IN THE MIRROR.

Bedroom Intruder Causes Alarm to a Married Couple.

An alarming early morning experience befell Mr. and Mrs. March, of Dorking, in their bedroom at Bailey's Hotel, Kensington.

The shadow of a man was observed on the mirror by Mrs. March. She also heard money clinking on the dressing-table, where Mr. March had left some gold.

Jumping out of bed, her husband seized the intruder as he crept out of the room in his stockinged feet.

On summoning the sub-manager, it was discovered that the culprit was staying at the hotel, in the name of Claude Barbier, and giving an address at 25, Sinclair-mansions.

At West London Police Court yesterday Barbier was charged with being a suspected person and remanded on a surety of £100, the magistrate remarking that the accused's conduct might be capable of explanation.

The defence was that Barbier was looking for a friend, and that on the following morning he went to the manager's office to explain his doings. He was said to be a man in good position, doing business between this country and Russia.

When his wife was told of what had happened she said: "I thought he was in Leicester."

Mr. Weekes, solicitor, said there would be an explanation of that. It was a domestic matter, between husband and wife.

DISREGARD OF SUNDAY.

Sabbath Dinner Parties, Golf, and Tennis Deplored by the Clergy.

Decay of family prayers and grace before meat, and the growing popularity of Sabbath games, have been the topics discussed this week at the Clerical and Lay Evangelical Conference at Southport.

The Rev. G. Howell said there were many who had wealth, time, ability, and influence, and who might do much to make the world brighter and better, who were living aimless, useless, frivolous lives.

Though they had abundant leisure during the week, they robbed the Sabbath of its sanctity by Sunday golf, tennis, croquet, and dinner-parties. People did not read their Bibles as much as they ought to, and the novelty of missions had worn off to a very great extent.

When he had seen 40,000 people on the football ground at Everton he had asked himself—What power on earth would send those men to a prayer-meeting?

GREEK FOR LAZINESS.

"New" Disease Which Has Been Prevalent Without People Realising It.

Judge Addison, K.C., at the Southwark County Court yesterday, reviewed an award he had made under the Workmen's Compensation Act of £1 per week in favour of a farrier named Hayden.

Mr. Cumble, who asked that the award should be terminated, said the man had quite recovered from the effects of the injury and was now only suffering from "ergophobia."

Judge Addison: Eh! What's that? (Laughter.) Mr. Cumble: Ergophobia, from ergophobia. It means a hatred or terror of work. It is a new disease which a medical paper has recently called attention to, and which, it says, is becoming very prevalent.

Judge Addison: A new disease. Why, it is a common disease I have been familiar with all my life. An enormous number of people are afflicted with it.

Hayden, on being called, was asked: Do you suffer from this dreadful disease ergophobia?—No, sir.

As the doctors' evidence was conflicting the case was referred to the medical referee appointed under the Act.

TOWN WITH TOO FEW BABIES.

That the borough's birth-rate had fallen from 44 to 28.26 per 1,000 in a few years was the plaint of Dr. Brown, chairman of the Preston Health Committee, at yesterday's meeting. "We shall soon be in the same position as France," he said. All the ninety-nine smallpox cases last year occurred among unvaccinated or poorly-vaccinated people and alcoholic subjects.

PRIZE DOG LITIGATION.

An action of great interest to fashionable dog-owners will be tried in the Law Courts in the course of the next few days.

It is an action in which the parties are all lovers of dogs and well-known exhibitors, and include a countess and several titled ladies.

The question involved is one of prize-money, and has reference to a dog show held some time ago in the metropolis.

SMUGGLED

BABY STORY.

Singular Incidents in a Doctor's Married Life.

WEDDED MISERY.

The wife of Dr. George Frederick Phillpot, of a son.

This announcement, in the usual place in the newspapers, met the eyes of the friends of Dr. Phillpot and his wife, Mrs. Harriet Augusta Phillpot, who at the time of the interesting event—in the year 1892—were living at Hemel Hempstead.

The doctor and his wife had been married for five years, and their friends hastened to congratulate them.

In the Divorce Court yesterday Mr. Glazebrook, who was counsel for Mrs. Phillpot in a suit for judicial separation, had something very strange to say about this birth. Counsel declared that no child was born to Mrs. Phillpot at all.

There had been a farcical pretence that Mrs. Phillpot had become a mother, Mr. Glazebrook asserted, and then the doctor caused a baby to be smuggled into the house where his wife was. He registered this baby as his own, and put announcements of the birth into the newspapers.

Although Mrs. Phillpot had been the means of procuring for her husband his practice at Hemel Hempstead—she advanced him the money to buy it—she proved very ungrateful to her. She had a long series of cruelty charges to make against him when she went into the witness-box.

Beaten with a Strap.

He had beaten her about the body with a leather strap, she said, and he had struck her with such force that when she put up her hand to ward off the blow a ring on her finger was smashed.

After they left Hemel Hempstead they stayed for some time in Wales as guests of one of the doctor's relations. Here Mrs. Phillpot had to sleep by herself in a little cottage.

"Once my husband looked on while his brother hit me with a cane," added Mrs. Phillpot, describing another incident.

Finally she left him shortly after he had set up an establishment called the "Midland Open-air Sanatorium" at Bourne Castle, near Worcester.

Amazing Scene.

It was here that the doctor, according to his wife's story, was guilty of the strangest of his many strange acts of violence.

"I had driven over to Bourne Castle," said Mrs. Phillpot, "and my husband saw the trap, I was in coming up the drive. He came rushing out and seized the horse's head, nearly causing the trap to overturn. Then he seized me, pushed me down, and fell upon me. Making use of the most horrible language, he afterwards tried to throw me over the railings that surround the grounds."

Mrs. Phillpot was about to describe the mock accouchement when the Judge said that, as there was no defence, the matter was immaterial.

She stated that she was forced to sign an affidavit to the effect that the child was her own.

A judicial separation was granted.

TRADING ON DEATH.

Father Obtains Money on a False Report of Bereavement.

For a rascally fraud, Arthur James Higgs, a Putney traveller, has just been sentenced at Exeter to two months' hard labour.

To the principal of a college at Exeter he telegraphed for £1 to help him bury his child, and backed this up with a whining letter, of which the following extract is a sample:—

"I have only got my poor wife now, and, if she should be taken, I should soon be for ever, as I feel sure that I should not be able to outlive the second shock. It does seem hard that the boy is gone. We are now left childless, this one making the second I have buried."

The whole story was described in court as a tissue of lies.

DUSE IN "MAGDA."

Signora Duse in "Magda," which she chose for the second of her performances at the Waldorf Theatre last night, is the superior of any other actress. She has identified the play with her name, and effaced all other Magdas from recollection by this incomparable study of noble independence and indignation.

In the scene where she turns the cowardly Von Keller out of the house with a single half-whispered word and a gesture of pitying contempt, the greatest of Magdas was as fine last night as she has been so many times on other distant but unforgettable occasions.

ELUSIVE MILLIONS.

A Lady's Remarkable Application Against the Bank of England.

The belief in concealed millions is very common, remarked the Lord Chief Justice, yesterday, when he was dealing with the application of a lady, who is eagerly searching for a fortune of £1,300,000.

To his Lordship Miss Sarah Eliza Collis, daughter of the late Mr. Edward Collis, of Bardwell, Suffolk, applied for a rule nisi for a mandamus against the Governor of the Bank of England ordering him to allow inspection of certain stock lists.

Miss Collis contended that in 1790 £1,300,000 worth of stock was bought, and invested in the names of four persons, for the benefit of her father, who was then two years of age.

All the persons named had died, and Miss Collis was the sole surviving child of the last survivor. The Bank had refused inspection of the list, which was for public inspection.

The Lord Chief Justice granted the rule asked for, subject to certain conditions.

CONSIDERATE MOTORIST.

Major Who Will Not Sound His Horn Lest It Should Annoy People.

There was a rather novel point in the answer presented by Major Frederick Lindsay Lloyd, of Avenue-mansions, Finchley, summoned at Bow-street for driving a motor-car in Professional-road, St. James's Park, at twenty-five miles an hour.

He urged that he could not be going at the speed as he slowed down to allow a passenger to pass, for he thought that persons on foot were entitled to as much consideration as motor-car drivers.

Called on the major's behalf, Corporal Clements, A.S.C., said Mr. Lloyd was a very careful driver. He usually slowed down if there was anyone in his way, as he did not like to sound his horn, owing to the annoyance it caused to other people.

The magistrate imposed a fine of 40s. and £2 2s. costs.

DANGER OF ALIEN SERVANTS.

How a Trusted Butler Repaid His Master's Confidence by Theft.

Albert Schall obtained a position as butler with Colonel Western, of Pan, near Cardigan, through a London registry office.

His manner was so reassuring that inside a week he was placed in charge of the silver.

Then he summoned to his aid Johann Covalezch, described as a traveller.

At daylight one morning the pair decamped with all the plate they could lay their hands on, and took train for Reading. There they were arrested on the arrival of the train.

Yesterday Schall was sentenced to nine months' hard labour at the Pembrokehouse Assizes, and his accomplice to eight months' hard labour.

MERCIFUL MISTRESS.

Chief Rabbi's Wife Shows Leniency to a Former Maid.

Owing to the clemency of Mrs. Adler, wife of the Chief Rabbi, a Swiss maid named Ida Burkley escaped a term of imprisonment.

Burkley was a long time in Mrs. Adler's employment, but finally gave notice to leave. After leaving she sent for a large dress-basket she had left behind her.

But the police had already been summoned, and the basket had been found to contain silver plate, valuable silk, lace, and stores, all belonging to Mrs. Adler.

Many of the things, said the prisoner's counsel, had been taken under the mistaken notion that they were necessities. Her former mistress had expressed the hope that mercy would be shown, and that the maid should be given a chance to retrieve her error.

Burkley was accordingly bound over to appear within twelve months if called upon.

HATED RURAL LIFE.

It was recorded at the Brentford Police Court of Alfred Shepherd, a bright lad of seventeen, that, after being brought up at the expense of the ratepayers to the extent of £360, he was given clothes and sent to the country.

As he hated the country, he came back to London. The boy told the magistrates that he was sent to learn carpentering, but had to feed the pigs. The only carpentering he did was wood-chopping. Remanded on charge of retaining his clothes.

TURBINE DRIVES A COTTON MILL.

Economy both of floor space and expense has been obtained by the installation of a steam turbine in the Salford Bridge Cotton Mill at Clitheroe, in Lancashire. It occupies an area of only fourteen feet by four, and develops 500 h.p.

CASTAWAY GOLD.

Inquest on the Kensington Treasure Trove Concluded.

JEWELLER CENSURED.

Mr. Troubleck's inquest upon the Kensington "treasure trove" of George III. guineas—most of which appear to have been thrown away by the workmen who found them as valueless—was yesterday concluded.

The coroner's jury decided that the coins, a few excepted, were treasure trove, and desired the coroner to severely censure a Kensington jeweller for neglecting to render any assistance to the authorities, and for the very unsatisfactory nature of his evidence.

It was on May 3 that the "find" was made, during the demolition of some old buildings on land in High-street held by Sir Walter Phillimore, the well-known Judge. Police inquiries showed that a few coins had been sold or pawned, and the unusual inquest proceedings followed when examination of these proved the real value of the treasure.

"Pearlies" or Treasure Trove.

Mr. Frederick Wells, of High-street, a jeweller, who bought some of the coins, was ordered at the last hearing to produce his books yesterday, when Mr. James Wells, his brother, was called to give evidence in regard to certain entries.

Mr. Edwin Harris, managing buyer of Messrs. John Barker and Co., of Kensington, said he saw a man named Dicks, who had found some of the coins, on May 4.

Witness later saw Dicks and gave him 25s. apiece, which was a fair and proper market price. On the following day Dicks brought another coin—a spade guinea—and he was paid 25s. for that.

Some amusement was caused by the appearance in the witness-box of Samuel Willis, a Fulham housebreaker. He was wearing a coat adorned with a long string of "pearlies," and the coroner asked if this was some of the treasure trove.

Willis said he found a lot of coins on the spot where he was working in High-street, Kensington, and took them to "a jeweller opposite," who gave him a cheque for £12. He changed the cheque at a publican's.

Twenty Pounds Preferred.

Coroner: You must have known you were dealing with something that did not belong to you?—I didn't know about that. All I wanted was the £12. (Laughter.) Twenty pounds would have suited me better. (Loud laughter.) I told the jeweller that I got the coins from the job opposite.

Mr. Graham Campbell: What did you do with the £12?—Had a holiday with it, and haven't been to work since. (Roars of laughter.) I sold about sixteen or seventeen coins.

Mr. Frederick Wells was recalled, and promised to inform the coroner when next the dealer to whom the coins were sold called upon him.

Coroner: Why did you give no assistance to the police when they asked for information?—I did give assistance to the police.

Coroner (warmly): You gave no particulars. You refused all names. We had to get them out of you here—I had no particular reason.

A young Bolesea carmen named Giles, who stated that he received about thirty of the guineas, and gave them away, was next to give evidence.

The Coroner: You were the man who threw the guineas at people, and they would not take them?—Yes. (Laughter.) I didn't keep any myself, worse luck.

The summing up the coroner said it could not be too widely known that the Treasury would deal generously with finders of treasure trove.

CITY BANKER'S SUIT.

Consents To Accept Verdict of £50 Damages Against a Financial Newspaper.

Many well-known City men attended Mr. Justice Wells's court yesterday, where they saw Mr. Reitlinger, a City banker, win a victory in a libel suit that he had brought against the "Rialto" newspaper.

The banker was stated by the newspaper to have got rid of shares which he held in the Great Boulder Perseverance Company, of which he was a director, when he heard that the company's prospects were not as rosy as had appeared.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., in announcing that the defendants had agreed to a verdict against them with nominal damages of £50, said that Mr. Reitlinger had never parted with any of the shares in question.

LEGLESS BOOKMAKER.

Bookmakers, who in a few minutes paid the Brentford Bench £45 in fines, were in a mood for revelations yesterday. One of them had no legs.

Another, asked if he would give up the practice, replied: "Certainly not. It is my living, and I've been fined scores of times."

Magistrate: Oh, it pays, then?—Rather!

ANOTHER BECK CASE.

Innocent Man Released from Prison After Serving Five Months.

James Croucher, after serving five months' imprisonment for a burglary committed in Chelsea by another man, was released from Wormwood Scrubbs Prison yesterday on the Home Secretary's order.

On the foggy Friday night before last Christmas two men were seen by Mr. Rupert Velding pillaging a boot-shop in King's-road, Chelsea. The time was a quarter to one.

On information James Croucher, and a man named Marshall, were arrested, and on Mr. Velding identifying Croucher he was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment. Marshall getting six months.

Croucher vainly protested that he was in bed at the time of the robbery, and a man who shared his bedroom at a lodging-house in Lawrence-street said Croucher came home just after 12.30, and at once went to bed.

The keeper of the lodging-house, however, said that when Croucher came home it was ten minutes past one.

On the difference of half an hour in the two versions depended Croucher's fate.

A few weeks ago Mrs. Marshall, the wife of the man who was convicted with Croucher, declared in private that another person, whom she named, was guilty of the crime for which Croucher was suffering.

The story got to the ears of Croucher's sorrow-stricken mother and sister, both respectable Chelsea people, and they wrote to the prison, with the result that the police made a fresh investigation.

Marshall's confederate is said to bear some resemblance to Croucher, both being tall, slim, and fair.

Croucher is a plasterer by trade. In an interview yesterday he stated that he intended making an application for compensation.

EARL'S MISSING LINK.

Difficulty of Identifying Lord Chesterfield's Stolen Jewellery.

The theft of the Earl of Chesterfield's jewellery is puzzling the police and the magistrate at Marlborough-street Police Court.

Yesterday, for the second time, James Cottrell, a Barnsbury dealer, was remanded on a charge of stealing from a cab Lord Chesterfield's dressing-case, containing studs, links, diamond-set buttons, cigarette holders, and other articles, worth about £400.

The difficulty turned upon the identification of a link which Cottrell is accused by the police of having pawned. He declared that he had it twelve months, having altered it from a link into a ring.

The Earl's valet stated emphatically that it was part of the missing jewellery, but the magistrate said it was necessary to have further identification. As his lordship was out of town the case was again adjourned.

WORKED TO DEATH.

Melancholy Fate of a Man Who Worked Eighteen Hours Every Day.

"The fact is these men have to grin and bear it until they drop dead," said a jurymen at the inquest on William Rutherford, a fish carman, held at Stepney yesterday.

Evidence showed that the man, who died in his sleep, habitually worked eighteen hours a day, starting soon after midnight and returning home about 7 p.m.

The Coroner: Eighteen hours out of twenty-four is enough to weaken any constitution.

A Juror: I know that some of these carmen get most of their sleep on the fish-boxes.

Medical evidence showed that death was accelerated by irregular living and long hours. Evidence on behalf of Rutherford's employer showed that on the day of his death he had worked from 1.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

The Coroner: Well, you can't be surprised at accidents happening in the streets.

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AUSTRALIANS' FINE BATTING.

English Candidates In Form—Accidents on Both Sides.

TEST MATCH TOPICS.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

The Australians gave yet another proof of their great batting strength at the Old Trafford ground yesterday. Lancashire have proved themselves to be, up to date, considerably the finest bowling side in county cricket, and, though it was thought advisable to leave out T'Anson, they turned out a strong side of trundlers yesterday.

Trumper was very uncomfortable right through his innings yesterday, having more than one life, but Duff and Hill were quite at their ease, as also was Noble until he was beautifully caught and bowled by Brearley. Yesterday's cricket affords an additional—though, unfortunately, superfluous—proof of the fact that Test matches cannot be won on good wickets in three days, at any rate, by England.

Lees of Surrey is the only player of the England eleven for Monday who has never represented England in any Test match—that is, always supposing that he is chosen to play. He is a good bowler, slightly above the medium.

LEES' STAYING POWERS.

In pace Lees is more like J. T. Hearne than any other bowler I can remember for the moment. He curls in the air at the beginning of the innings in the fashionable style, but later, when the ball gets too old to boomerang, he plugs away with the off theory, occasionally throwing down an extra fast one on the leg peg.

A man of wonderful stamina, Lees keeps a good length literally for hours. Occasionally he keeps very low, which is astonishing considering the height of his delivery.

Lees had a good rest yesterday, a rest of which he was greatly in need, as he has been bowled very hard this season. It is to be hoped that he will not be given too big a dose during the next two days. To celebrate his let-off in the bowling line he came out with a brilliant and hard hit innings, easily topping the century.

The English team seems to be dogged by persistent bad luck. The injuries of Fry and Hirst have already caused the ominous shaking of many "bearded heads." Yesterday came the alarming news in the afternoon that A. O. Jones had been so badly damaged that he would be unable to play at Nottingham on Monday.

AN ALARMIST RUMOUR.

Fortunately the report turns out to be untrue, as Jones was able to continue his innings yesterday after lunch. Still, the elbow is a ticklish proposition to monkey with, and as it was that part of Jones's anatomy that was injured, it is possible that he will be more than a little stiff for a few days to come.

Of the Test match players who batted yesterday Bosanquet was in particularly brilliant form, scoring at a tremendous pace, especially after lunch. His driving and hooking were tremendously powerful, and he treated all bowlers with a strict impartiality that savoured of the Law Courts.

Hayward got a distinctive 73, made with ease and precision in an hour and fifty minutes, before he played on to Sprot. Though taking no risks, Hayward played more freely than usual, and his innings throughout was most attractive. He has just brought up from Cambridge one who, it is anticipated, will prove another Hobbs, in the person of a young recruit of seventeen, who is to qualify for the county. Surrey obviously owes much to Hayward in more ways than one.

JOHN GUNN IN FORM.

J. Gunn, another of the Test team possibilities, was in great form with the bat, knocking up a big total by real good cricket. He is one of the first six "all-rounders" in England—a good bat, good bowler, and good field. He was not as successful in Australia as was expected, but in England he is a player to be feared.

From the Australian point of view, things are not going as well as they might. Armstrong is still on the injured list, his foot not having recovered from the smack it got at Lord's.

Darling and Cotter are also "dicky," and have to be reserved till Monday: it will be very interesting to see if the Australian bowling will be as successful without Cotter to help the slow bowlers by keeping the batsmen on the defensive.

Lilley and Lees both batted well yesterday; in fact, the men chosen for the match seem to have received an extra filip from the fact, and are bent on proving the justice of their claims of inclusion.

F. B. WILSON.

Scores and further details of yesterday's cricket will be found on page 14.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Property worth £400 was left by an old woman who has just died in Yeovil Workhouse, where she resided as a "paying guest." The medical officer has now entered with the guardians a claim for his attendance on the old dame whilst in the house, on the ground that she was not a pauper, and therefore not entitled to free medical attention.

Declaring that he was John the Baptist, and intending to kill all Jews, a strange, wild-looking man has been sent to Lowestoft Workhouse as a wandering lunatic.

The excellent photograph which we published yesterday of Mr. Wyllie, A.R.A., posing as a pavement artist at the Westminster Hospital Bazaar, was made by Langher.

Mr. and Mrs. John Weekes, of Sidmouth, who have just celebrated their golden wedding, were the first couple married by the present vicar (Rev. H. G. J. Clements) of the parish.

In mistake for whisky a Derby bellhanger named Charles Edward Dicken drank from a bottle containing spirits of salts, and died in agony. At the inquest a verdict of Death by Misadventure was returned.

Peacefully engaged in tarring a wall, a ship's fireman named Johnson anticipated a police-constable who was about to arrest him at Grimby. He sprang at the officer, the tar-bucket was upset, and the policeman was rolled in the liquid. Johnson, however, did not escape, and sentence of three months was passed upon him.

After being rescued from the Avonmouth Dock, into which she had fallen, at Bristol, a Mrs. Lee walked a distance of 200 or 300 yards to her home, and went to bed, but died almost immediately.

PRECOCIOUS CONDUCTOR.



Max Darewski, composer, prevented by the police from leading the Klitties band because he is under ten years of age.

Thirty prize birds were killed by a fox which raided the poultry pens at Whitwick Vicarage, Leicestershire.

Lord Raglan, the Governor, left the Isle of Man yesterday for a few days in order to consult a medical specialist. Mr. D. Kneen has been appointed Deputy Governor.

Mr. Gervase Beckett (Conservative) and Mr. Noel Edward Buxton (Liberal) were nominated yesterday for the Whitley parliamentary vacancy. Polling takes place next Thursday.

There are 1,869 entries for the Bath and West of England Agricultural Show, to be held at Nottingham next week, compared with 1,589 at Swansea last year.

Afraid to face her aunt, whose perambulator she had stolen and pawned, a Hull girl, thirteen years of age, hid under the seat of a railway carriage which journeyed to Lincoln. Here she was found and sent home again.

Of 5,081 tons burthen, and said to be the largest sailing vessel afloat, the German five-masted ship Preussen, last sighted off the Lizard on March 4, has been placed on the overdue list at 20 guineas per cent. She was bound for Iquique from Hamburg.

Dr. Icard, a German scientist, is credited with having discovered a new method of ascertaining whether life is extinct or not. The agent used is florescine in solution, which is injected into the tissues. If circulation still continues the skin becomes very yellow, and the eyes assume the colour of emeralds. If life is not extinct the injection does no harm, and the discolouration does not take place.

Chapel-en-le-Frith police are endeavouring to trace the occupants of a motor-car which ran into a drove of cattle on the Sheffield and Glossop road, near Ashton, killing a cow and carrying it a distance, it is said, of thirty yards.

By the will of the late Mr. Richard Owen, of Llandudno, the Sarah Nicol Cottage Hospital, in that town benefits to the extent, it is estimated, of £10,000.

Bullfinches are doing so much damage to garden produce in North Devon as to become a plague. Large numbers of the pretty but destructive little birds are being shot.

Mr. Justice Kennedy had so far recovered from his cold as to be able to resume his position yesterday afternoon in the Divisional Court presided over by the Lord Chief Justice.

By delaying negotiations for a projected loan of £300,000, Newcastle City Council, it was stated yesterday, effected a saving of £3,000, owing to the rate of interest having dropped.

Forgetfulness on the part of a clergyman delayed for an hour and a quarter the naval funeral of George Gould, the young seaman of H.M.S. Swiftsure, who received fatal injuries at Boston (Linces) pleasure fair.

Two women were being taken into custody in Manchester, when one of them, named Emily Derbyshire, produced a wine-bottle, with which she felled a policeman to the earth. He was stunned by the force of the blow.

Losing control of his machine whilst cycling down a hill at Wolverton, Bucks, yesterday, Mr. Joseph Farrar, an electrician in the employ of the L. and N.W. Ry. Co., fell beneath a cart and was killed.

MR. NOEL BUXTON.



Nominated yesterday as Liberal candidate for Whitley against Mr. William Gervase Beckett. Polling next Thursday.

Through the streets of Leicester yesterday rode a cyclist towing a horse which was tethered to the machine with a rope.

Known amongst the vagrants who frequent it as "The Palace," Hackney Casual Ward, recently completed at a cost of over £100,000, is still receiving minor improvements.

Alderman Dunn, twice Mayor of Gateshead, whose death has just taken place, invariably indulged in a long and kindly lecture to each defendant brought before him in his capacity of magistrate.

Sinkings have been in progress three years at the new Frickley Colliery, South Yorkshire, and coal has at last been found at a depth of 661 yards. When opened the new works will probably employ 2,000 men.

Owing to the weather being so cold at nights, and the fact that they have only two blankets, the South Notts Hussars (Imperial Yeomanry), who are encamped 600 strong at Clifton, near Nottingham, complain that they cannot sleep.

For allowing their machinery to run six minutes after statute time the Fallswork-Spinning Company were fined at the rate of £7 6s. 8d. per minute, or £44 in all, at Manchester. Forty of the employees found at work at the time were each fined 10s.

Lovers of Gilbert-Sullivan operas who hope for a revival in London of these charming plays, now famous the world over, will be interested in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's statement that the matter lies entirely in the hands of Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, who has full power to reproduce them whenever she pleases to do so.

GOOD BANK RETURN CHEERS CITY.

Markets Quiet, but Firmer—Americans Rally.

JAPANESE SCARE.

CAFEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—The approach of the settlement was rather too much for the stock markets to-day. But there was another adverse influence in their rumour circulated from Manila about mid-day of a Japanese naval disaster. It found no confirmation, but it served to remind the market of the existence of the war. Of course, interest mainly centred in the rally in Americans on Wall Street overnight. Prices had been taken up in marked fashion, and the evidence of a "bear" account and the more sanguine rumours current led operators to look for better things. In spite of the Manila rumours causing some set-back, Americans were kept over partly, and went ahead further when New York got to work in the afternoon. The rally, if maintained, will help the position materially for the carry-over here on Monday. But there is the ordeal of two days' more business to face ere then: Americans were easier in the Street on profit-taking, and lost all the improvement since the opening last morning.

BETTER PROSPECTS.

He would have been hard to please who did not like the Bank Return to-day. The reserve is £914,000 up, the ratio to liabilities substantially improved, and there is the prospect of a further considerably improved position as a result of the flow of gold to this country. But in spite of the cheap money talk, there was not any considerable accession of business or any development of marked strength in the gilt-edged market. Consols merely hardened up to 99 5-16, and then fell back again to 90. The nearness of the monthly settlement is also the explanation, though the rumour of the death of Baron Alphonse Rothschild had some influence.

Naturally, the effect of the Manila rumour about the Japanese defeat had an adverse influence on Japanese bonds, already to some extent depressed on recent American selling. It was more especially noticeable in the new scrip, which was got down to 4 discount at one time, and did not close much above that figure. On the other hand, Russians were put up on the rumour, even though it was not credited. The Foreign bourses seemed in fairly confident mood, though a Russian naval victory might not mean the early termination of the war. The later depression, especially in Rio Tintos, was due to the Rothschild reports alluded to above.

TEXTILES STRONG.

There was a better feeling about the Miscellaneous groups as a whole, and apparently there is more disposition to buy textile shares as a result of the improved Lancashire conditions. Wherever American market influence could in any way be brought to bear, as, for instance, in Hudson's Bays and Anglo-American Telegraphs, there was improvement in values. Perhaps the other main feature was the rather pessimistic view taken by the market of the Lyons position. The dividend was thought good enough, but the criticism was mainly as to whether depreciation and other matters are being satisfactorily looked after. At all events, the shares were got down below 6 before the day was over. Channel Tunnel shares had one of their periodical revivals, perhaps due to the cutting of a final seam in Kent, though some there were who saw significance in a meeting of officials of the South-Eastern and Northern of France Railways recently.

Kaffirs, opening fairly good, became a dull market without much feature on a little further liquidation. It was the preliminary carry-over day. West Africans were just slightly depressed on the eve of the Settlement, and several West Australians were inclined to improve. Great Britain and Ireland were helped by the meeting. Egyptians were dull. Stratton's Independence were offered.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The "Daily Mirror" will be happy to reply to its readers as to the merits of stocks and shares. It will furnish names of brokers, members of the leading exchanges, for investment purposes only. It will be obliged if readers will forward all testing, outside brokers', and bucket-shop circulars, invitations to subscribe, and other forms of pernicious financial literature that may be in circulation.

HUDSON'S BAYS (A.R.): Slightly speculative. May be right for a "long shot," but not the security for you.—OUTSIDE BROKER ("B"): Doubt the value of the guarantee. You must please yourself whether you accept our advice.—TWO SECURITIES (H. H. F.): Horse Property and Investment considered satisfactory. Also British Gas, latter being depressed by the new issue.—THREE SECURITIES (King): The brewery shares have been affected with similar descriptions, but are satisfactory. They are held by the contractors. Nominally 1-2. Keep them for the present. The other shares are considered fair, but so much depends on management and competition.—CAPE TOWN (Stock): Satisfactory. Suggest also Johannesburg Fours at 90, Grand Trunk Pacific Fours at 100. The firm mentioned are members of the Stock Exchange.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, MAY 26 1905

A SECOND BECK CASE.

YESTERDAY a man named Croucher, sentenced to eight months' imprisonment last December, was released from Wormwood Scrubs Prison. He had only served six months of his sentence. The rest has been remitted, it appears, because it has been discovered that he did not commit the crime which was laid to his charge.

The case, in fact, is another one of mistaken identity, and, coming so soon after the Beck case, which occupied the attention of the whole country last summer and autumn, it will certainly add to the feeling of uneasiness which that famous judicial blunder left in the public mind.

Can we be sure that these are the only two cases of their kind? No, we cannot; for from time to time we hear of smaller errors of this nature. How many unfortunate people are there in his Majesty's prisons suffering the shame of the broad arrow, and agonies of mind into the bargain, because they have had the ill-luck to be mistaken for somebody else?

It is difficult to conceive a more tragic situation. Imprisonment carries with it a stigma for life. One who had undergone it wrote in "De Profundis":—

Society takes upon itself the right to inflict appalling punishment, but it also has the supreme vice of shallowness, and fails to realise what it has done.

When the man's punishment is over, it realises him to himself; it abandons him at the very moment when its highest duty towards him begins.

It shuns those whom it has punished, as people shun a creditor whose debt they cannot pay.

That this disgrace and handicap should be inflicted upon the guilty is bad enough. It is atrocious that the innocent should ever suffer so. The fullest inquiry must be made into this Croucher case. Nothing less will satisfy the disturbed public mind.

ANOTHER MEDICAL BOGEY.

Amid the numberless alarming discoveries that have made our flesh creep lately, of poison in nearly everything we eat and drink, we clung to one belief with steadfast faith. We still believed in eggs.

No microbes, we thought, could make their way through the protecting shell. No hands, however dirty and swarming with bacteria, could pollute what lay within.

Alas! for our trusting nature. The egg is no better than the rest of our dainties after all. So, at least, says the famous Professor Metchnikoff. The white of egg "may always be poisonous, owing to the possible presence of lively bacilli."

The blow for many amongst us will be painfully severe. They have already given up meat because it may be cancerous or tuberculous, vegetables because they form uric acid, bread because it is too starchy, alcohol because Sir Frederick Treves tells us it is deadly, fruit and fish because they may cause ptomaine poisoning. What on earth can they eat with security and a quiet mind?

Well, to tell the truth, people who have got to that stage of fussiness need never hope to possess a quiet mind again. They will imagine disease in everything. If once you begin to pay heed to the bogeys which the medical profession is always holding up to frighten us, you may as well give up the idea of enjoying life any more.

The best diet expert is, after all, your own common-sense. There are probably one or two things which you know are bad for you. Avoid these most carefully, but for the rest eat everything that comes in your way. To food more than anything else does Hamlet's maxim apply: "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Some people are not sensitive to noise. They are the people who are not sensitive to argument, thought, poetry, art, any intellectual impression. On the other hand, I find that noise has caused pain to almost all intellectual men.—*Schopenhauer.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-DAY is the birthday of the Princess of Wales, and the anniversary will be quietly celebrated at Sandringham, where she passes her happiest and most domestic hours without any of the tiresome ceremony and state of royal public life. Her Royal Highness has no particular taste for the whirl of a London season. She was brought up to love a slower, more comfortable life at Kensington Palace by her mother, the late Duchess of Teck. Only a year or two ago, when part of the palace was thrown open to the public, she visited her old home once more.

The Prince of Wales accompanied her through the familiar rooms. When they came to Queen Victoria's nursery, the room in which his wife was born, the Prince laughingly said: "Fancy being born in a nursery. I am ashamed of you." "I could not help it," said the Princess, with comic humility. After those first years at the palace the Duchess of Teck took her daughter to White Lodge, and had her educated in the true spirit of patriotism. "I would rather be a Princess of England than have any other title in the whole world!"

a hospital. He had promised to hold her hand all the time she was under the surgeon's treatment, and he kept his word. He amuses people at a dinner; he makes them love him in the East End.

Not many Associates of the Royal Academy, and still fewer Academicians, could get a living as pavement artists. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, who has been showing society at the Westminster Bazaar that he could do so with success, has "roughed it" in a variety of ways, and has painted under considerable difficulties of place almost all his life. He has a floating studio, and is one of the few seapainters who have their models constantly before them. His studio-boat is fitted with comfortable rooms, like a land house, and often for months together the painter drifts about upon it.

Fortunately for him he does not suffer much from sea-sickness on this boat, but in large vessels he has undergone agonies. One day he made a heroic attempt to paint the Edystone Lighthouse in a storm. The captain of the vessel made desperate attempts to keep his ship quiet; a sailor held a tarpaulin to windward of the artist; and the painter himself, feeling worse and worse every

JACK TAR AT THE TOURNAMENT—A SUCCESSFUL DEBUT.



For the first time the Navy is taking part officially this year in the annual Agricultural Hall tournament, which began yesterday. It is called now the Naval and Military Tournament.

those were the words which the Princess often heard her mother say, and she has never forgotten them since.

Everybody will sympathise with Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., in the loss of a wife who was the companion of his early, struggling days. Mr. Broadhurst is one of the few people who have been unaltered by time. He still cares as little for clothes, and the season, and a life of elegant habits, as in the days when his wife was his tailor. Until recently he did not even possess a dress suit, and the only occasion on which he felt the want of one was when he was invited by the King (then Prince of Wales) to spend a few days at Sandringham.

He went to Sandringham trembling lest he should find himself oppressed by the ceremony he detests, and wondering what in the world he could do about a dress suit. He was, therefore, all the more pleased when he found that there was no ceremony at all. The Prince of Wales himself conducted him to his room, examined the fireplace, poked the fire, and only left his guest when he found that all his wants had been properly attended to. And the next day Mr. Broadhurst was delighted to see that, in visiting his tenants' cottages, the Prince courteously asked each housewife's permission before he crossed her threshold.

Sir Ernest Flower, M.P., who has just been presented with a testimonial of his good work for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, is a man who masks his natural tenderness of heart under an outward aspect of genial cynicism. Those who only know him as a teller of excellent stories with sharp points would have been amazed to see him sitting once by a little East End girl's bedside during a long operation in

moment, regaled himself with brandy every few minutes in order to keep courage. At last sickness overcame him altogether, and he had to give up work.

It is most unfortunate for Lord Walscourt, that the Hon. Charles Booth, the elder of his two sons, should again bring the family name before the public, in connection with a sordid story of wife-beating and intemperance. The last time it was over a money difficulty that Mr. Booth got into serious trouble. It was understood that he had lost large sums over cards and on the racecourse. Lord Walscourt himself is a peer who cares nothing for society or for those amusements without which, according to Disraeli, life would be endurable. One never sees him at balls or dinners, and he only goes to Cowes because he is fond of yachting, and to Newmarket because he is as fond as his son, only more discreetly, of racing.

One reason why French actors are more alert, more graceful, more at ease than the English is that they all know how to fence. This is to be proved to-day, when the actors of Paris are to assemble in a kind of hippodrome at Neuilly and give exhibitions of athletic prowess for the benefit of one of their benevolent institutions. All of them will try fencing; some of them will ride in the bicycle race; others will even condescend to a wheelbarrow contest, in which one actor will sit inside the wheelbarrow and another will push him. To show how excellent an exhibition of fencing is sure to be given I may recall the occasion when M. Séverin Mars, the famous "Pierrot" actor, fought an officer who had stared injudiciously at his wife at the theatre, and gave him an unpleasant wound, without even being touched by him in return.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

FOODS FOR THE THIN.

Can anyone tell me a good treatment for a woman who weighs about two stone less than she should weigh, judging by her height?

I mean a treatment one can carry out oneself without going into a home or giving up every-day life. "Is milk the best thing to take a great deal of? Which food is the firm flesh most rapidly?"
 Ebury-street, S.W. HELEN.

THE FARMER'S GIRL.

"A Farmer" is quite mistaken in thinking that women cannot do farm work. In my country there are many girls who work on the land, from four in the morning till nine at night.

I know one who often takes milk to the neighbouring village after her day's work—a distance of six or seven miles—when the farmer cannot go himself. A SWISS.

New Milton, Hants.

BUTCHERY OR SPORT.

Pigeon-shooting is decidedly sport. As regards the remarks passed about the birds being lamed, starved, and tortured, I have seen nearly twenty years of this sport, and never once saw any cruelty.

No "sportsman" would ever allow such cruelty as mentioned. Pigeon-shooting is, to my mind, not so brutal as horse-racing. A LOVER OF SPORT.
 Wyke Green, Osterley Park, near Isleworth.

THE SPURIOUS SPORTS BILL.

This measure (mentioned by Mr. Hewitt) is the same that was introduced some time back in the House of Lords by the Bishop of Hereford. It is in the hands of Mr. Corrie Grant. It would put an end to hunting carted deer, coursing rabbits, and shooting birds from traps, three forms of indefensible sport.

May I be allowed to draw the attention of your readers to this Bill, and to invite them to support it? I should be glad to send a copy of it to anyone wishing for the same. J. STRATTON.
 Wokingham.

MARRIAGE A CONTRACT OR A SACRAMENT?

Allow another Churchman to speak. The Article 25 includes matrimony among five "commonly-called sacraments." Just as the Prayer-book says Nativity of our Lord "commonly called Christmas Day," so matrimony may be termed a sacrament.

Great Anglican writers like Forbes, Gibson, and others, and also one of the Homilies, distinctly include matrimony as, in a sense, a sacrament. Of course, it has not "like nature" with the two greater sacraments, but it is quite orthodox to call it a lesser sacrament. DOCTOR OF LAWS,
 Thornton, Bradford.

If the Church of England as a whole, and not merely a few individuals in it, really decides that marriage is not a true sacrament, I, for one, shall consider it my duty to seek admission into the Church of Rome; as a Church that can make such a fatal error cannot possibly be under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. DISGUSTED.
 North Kensington.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

M. Edmond Blanc.

LIKE the baby in the advertisement, "He won't be happy till he gets it," the "it" being the blue riband of the English Turf, victory in the Derby. Last year's failure has not damped him, and Jardy, his candidate for next Wednesday's great race has started for 100m.

But though he did not win last year, his much-talked-of horse Gouvernant was the first French favourite for forty years. In France his horses have had it all their own way, and he is famous for having paid £37,500, the largest price on record for a racehorse, when he bought Flying Fox.

Racing is about his only interest. When he is not on the racecourse he is at his racing stables, and when he is not there he is scouring Europe for new horses. It is so much his business in life that, though he was once a member of the French Parliament, he gave up politics, as they interfered with his racing.

His appearance is chiefly noticeable for his look of good humour. There is always a twinkle in his eye, and usually a smile at the corner of his mouth.

Running horses in the Derby is not a cheap amusement, but that does not worry him, as he is several times a millionaire. His wealth comes from his father, who made ten millions as proprietor of the gambling tables at Monte Carlo.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 25.—Seven degrees of frost descended on my garden the other night. Meadow and lawn were white in the early morning. Yet little damage appears to have been done, though later on apples will be found to have suffered.

Every tree is beautiful in May, and at no season of the year are more flowering trees and shrubs in bloom. The horse chestnut, with its white spires of blossom, is a glorious sight. The red chestnut (a useful subject for small gardens) is even finer.

May trees (pink and white), lilacs, laburnums, early rhododendrons, azaleas, glow lavender every day. Slowly the acacia puts forth its green.

E. F. T.



FRESH AIR FUND CHILDREN AT GREENWICH PARK

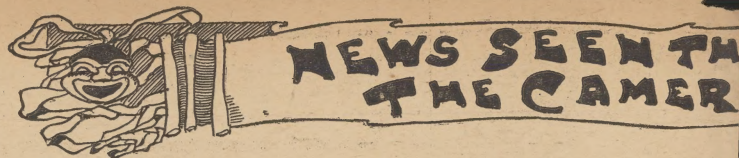


Celebrating Empire Day. No. 1, a group of happy children, who (in No. 2) are seen paddling. No. 3 is a little girl clutching her ration, consisting of a pint of coffee, one meat pie, and a cake 12in. in diameter. No. 4, a child overcome by the excitement of the day and (perhaps) the meat pie and cake, being cared for by nurses.

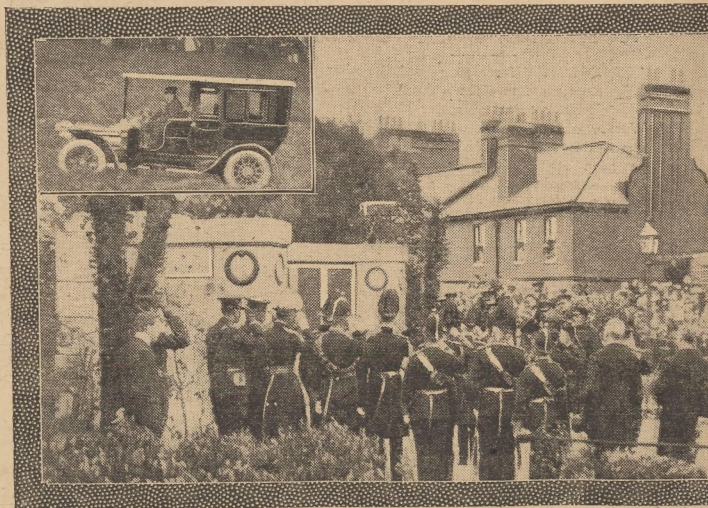
MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, HAT INVENTOR.



Great excitement was caused in the House of Commons the other day by his appearance in a new hat, a cross between a bowler and a "topper." It is made of felt, not silk, and is said to be the invention of Mr. Churchill. The second picture shows him at polo in another kind of hat.



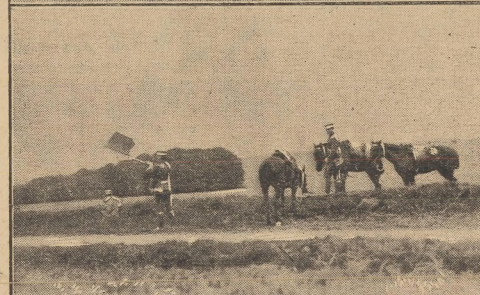
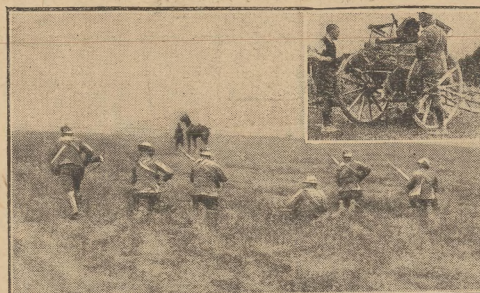
KING EDWARD UNVEILS A WAR MEMORIAL AND ST



His Majesty unveiled the Royal Army Medical Corps war memorial at Aldershot after he had attended the annual meeting of the Royal Army Medical Corps. The small photograph on the left shows the King's motor-car, and that on the right the motor-cyclist Standard to clear the way.

VICTORY FOR INVADERS.

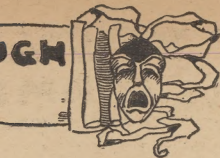
1,200 GU



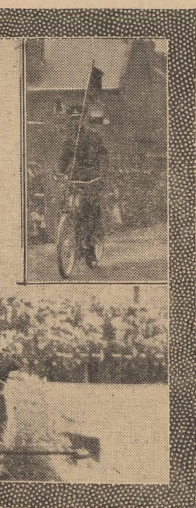
The Dorset Imperial Yeomanry made a sham invasion of England on Empire Day, and marched towards London via Salisbury. They were met by the Bulford Mounted Infantry at Wylde, but the latter were easily defeated. Photographs show the firing in the open, signalling operations, and firing from cover.



A first state of Thomas W. Sir Joshua Reynolds), sold by Huth &



SHAM FIGHT.



ight on Frensham Common.
es the car bearing the Royal

IEZZOTINT.



ous "Lady Bampfylde" (after
ce quoted at the sale of the
Christie's.

ENGLAND'S TEST MATCH TEAM.



Mr. BOSANQUET (Mid's).



HAYWARD (Surrey).



Mr. C. B. FRY (Sussex).



Mr. JESSOP (Gloucester).



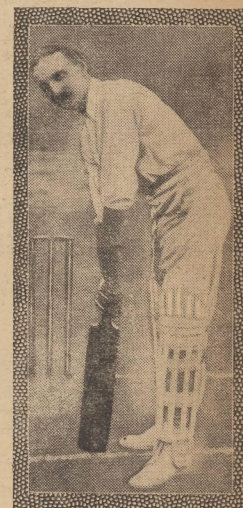
RHODES (Yorkshire).



GUNN, JOHN (Nottinghamshire).



The Hon. F. S. JACKSON (Yorkshire), captain.



Mr. A. C. MACLAREN (Lancs).



ARNOLD (Worcestershire).



LEES (Surrey).



LILLEY (Warwickshire).



TYLDESLEY (Lancashire).



Mr. A. O. JONES (Notts).

Thirteen players from whom the eleven will be selected, who will meet the Australians at Nottingham next Monday. Considerable surprise has been evinced that the Selection Committee have not included a single fast bowler. In other respects the team is not representative of the full bowling strength of England.

WHAT IT COSTS TO BE OPERATED UPON.

Modern Mania for the Knife Makes Surgery a Profitable Calling.

Has the surgical world been much disturbed by the recent statement made by a German physician that operations are performed far too often, and even with recklessness sometimes? How far do Harley-street and Cavendish-square endorse or refute this statement? It is difficult to discover, for the medical profession is exceedingly chary of expressing its opinion, and it is a point of etiquette not to discuss professional questions in the lay papers.

Among the older men there are certainly some who think that the charge is not without justification, but there are plenty of others who think that the greater modern frequency of operations is due to the progress of antiseptic surgery. Cases which would before have been left to the ordinary course of nature can now be dealt with. A sufferer's life can often be prolonged by taking the risk of the knife.

THE FASHIONABLE OPERATION.

The best example of the modern tendency to operate is the frequency with which the surgeon is called in to remove the vermiform appendix in cases of appendicitis. It is only within the last few years that the operation has been performed to any great extent. As late as eight years ago patients were sent from England to America in order to be operated upon by surgeons who were specially skilled in an operation which no London surgeon would now hesitate to perform.

The fee for such an operation is, in ordinary cases, a hundred guineas. There are, no doubt, cases in which twice or even thrice that sum has been paid. There are cases, too, when much less has been accepted, for surgeons, like physicians, never turn a patient away because he or she is unable to pay the full fee.

A hundred guineas may be taken as the average charge for any of what are known as the major operations of surgery. For small operations like the removal of tonsils or uvula, the opening of abscesses, etc., the fee will probably be from ten guineas up. These fees are, however, considerably enlarged under special circumstances.

RECORD FEES.

What is the largest fee ever earned by a surgeon it is impossible to discover, because such things are usually regarded as private between the patient and his attendant. It would be interesting to discover the fee the King paid to Sir Frederick Treves when his Majesty was operated on for appendicitis, or the fee the same surgeon received for the similar operation on the Princess Victoria.

Whatever it was, it probably fell considerably short of the £20,000 which was paid to the late Sir Morell Mackenzie for his attendance and operation on the late German Emperor. That, however, was a case which involved a great deal of time and a visit to Germany, while another large sum, 6,000 guineas, was offered to the same practitioner to go to America.

The late Mr. Crichton, the famous oculist, is understood to have received a fee of 5,000 guineas

for going to India, and Dr. Lappont, who removed a cyst from the leg of the late Pope, is credited with having received the sum of £500 for the operation, which it will be remembered was done without a general anæsthetic.

A fact which tends to increase the cost of operations is that, instead of lasting only a few minutes, they often nowadays last for hours. In such cases the anæsthetist who gives the ether or chloroform has to make a corresponding charge, which may run into several guineas, for his time.

The most recent "spectacular" fee received by a surgeon was that paid by Mr. Armour, the famous American millionaire, to Dr. Lorenz, who cured his daughter of congenital hip-joint disease by what is known as his method of bloodless surgery. The sum involved, it was stated at the time, was £15,000. Dr. Lorenz, it is true, had to go from Vienna to Chicago, but then this was not the only operation of the kind he performed. What his fees were as the result of his trip nobody knows.

LONGEVITY AND THE KNIFE.

Amputation of legs and arms is an operation not often done in private practice, though, naturally, it is pretty frequent in hospitals where grave accidents from railways and the streets are received. The operations most common are internal operations of all sorts, the extirpation of glands and diseased tissue, and the removal of tumours. Thanks to antiseptic surgery and to the skill and initiative of remarkable surgeons, these have saved untold suffering and added untold years to the lives of thousands of men and women.

Already millions of years have been added to the total of the lives of living women by the operation associated with the name of the late Sir Spencer Wells. His fee of 100 guineas for that operation, large as it may seem, was not only thoroughly earned, but was invariably gratefully paid.

"RENAISSANCE."

A Dull Play, Translated from the German, at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

Miss Fita Brand is blessed with courage, but unluckily that courage has induced her to attempt the impossible. "Renaissance," labelled as a "romantic comedy in three acts," and translated from the German, which she has produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is simply dull. As for the humour, it is frankly deplorable.

The action takes place in Italy at the end of the sixteenth century. In a gloomy castle among the mountains a young boy, played by Miss Brand, has grown to the age of fifteen under the care of his widowed mother. Suddenly, into this peaceful corner comes an artist, dabbling with the life of the outside world, and the castle is transformed. The boy is aroused by the kiss of the artist's model. The mother falls in love with the artist; a maid-servant declares her love for the boy's pedantic tutor. It is a universal spring.

The theme is a big one—the triumph of life, of sunshine, of joy—but it falls terribly flat. Miss Fita Brand works hard. She is here, there, and everywhere, but, when a girl plays a boy's part, she makes him rather a prig.

The bright spot is Miss Marie Bremner's acting as the mother, who wakes to a new life of love after years of sorrowful seclusion.

gallop wherein he would be asked to do his level best, an eye-opener for him, a hint of what he would have to do three days later, of the great and wonderful task expected of him.

Sir Tatton Townley and his wife would be there to witness and criticise the gallop, to criticise horse and jockey; Marvis, Lyndal, Billy—they would all be there, watching with eager, steadfast eyes.

And Dolores would be there too. She had asked permission of Marvis, and he had told her the place and hour of the gallop; Merrick had marvelled at even she winning over the stern, rough trainer to such an extent.

The stables were already awake; as Merrick dressed he heard the rattle of horses' hoofs, the clatter of pail and chain, and the hum of the men's voices at their work.

Electricity was in the air, it seemed to quiver with excitement like Merrick's nerves. For the secret was out—in Rose Cottage, every servant, every lad, eye, every animal on the estate, knew that a prospective Derby winner was quartered in the stables.

"Gum, we've got him this year," clucked the smallest, humblest boy to himself.

"What's going to win the Derby," said the apprentice in answer to the gardener lad's query. "What's going to win the Derby? How should we know?" and an expressive wink distorted his face. "Derby winners don't grow on rose-trees, eh?"

Not a living thing at Rose Cottage but was wide-awake this first Saturday of glorious June long before the clock pointed to 4.30 a.m. Even the corpulent cook peeped from behind the blinds of her bedroom window to see the daffodil go out—the one as running in the Derby.

"I shall have a week's wages on him, Emma—I declare I shall," she sniggered to the parlour-maid. "I declare I shall."

"It isn't right to bet," replied Emma, peeping over the cook's shoulder. "But just for luck my young man has promised to put half-a-crown on for me—because it's our horse. He never bets, you know."

ECHOES AND ANECDOTES.

£4,000 for an Eye?

How much is an eye worth? In Paris a man is claiming £4,000 damages from a cabdriver who flicked his eye out with the whip.

The cabman was fined £4 for his carelessness, and experts are now considering how much the injured person ought to have for his lost optic.

Spoke Fifty Minutes—Said Nothing.

"I have listened to a most eloquent two hours' speech by Mr. Gladstone. He said nothing." That was how James Russell Lowell described one of the G.O.M.'s great orations. Mr. Gladstone told the Canada Club that he did on Monday—addressed the House of Commons for fifty minutes and gave his hearers nothing they could carry away!

Planning Out Her Day.

The Bishop of London has been telling women to plan out how they will spend each day. The suggestion reminds one of the husband who asked his wife how she was spending the day. "I'm going shopping," said she. "And what are you going to buy?" asked he, in all good faith. "My dear, don't be silly! How should I know until I've seen the shops," was the answer he received.

Government by Demons.

A short time since I read of a school inspector who asked a child "What is Democracy?" "Government by demons," replied the child—and its answer was pronounced a wrong one. The behaviour of certain members of the House of Commons on Monday night led one to consider the inspector mistaken in his verdict, and that there is after all not much difference between "Demons" and "A Disgraced Englishman" in the "Morning Post."

That Poor Worm, Daddy.

There was a good story told at an entertainment for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. A little girl had been to a natural history class. Mother was exploring to find out how much she had learned. "And can mummy's little girl tell me the name of the poor worm from whom mummy got her silk frocks?" she asked. "Mummy's little girl" was puzzled and thought long and deeply. Suddenly came inspiration and smiles; "Mummy, I know, I know. Of course, it's daddy."

Who Was Nelson?

Many private schools are just as bad as board schools (writes "F. W. M." from Dalby-road, S.W.). I was amused at Mr. Laurence's find of who never heard of Edinburgh, but I have just come across a boy who never heard of Nelson!

With reference to the song "The Death of Nelson," he asked who Nelson was. I questioned him as follows:—

"You mean to say you don't know who Nelson was?"—"No."

"Have you never read about him at school?"—"No."

"Have you never read of his great naval victories?"—"No."

After this I was not surprised to find that he had never heard "Rule Britannia" played or sung, and did not know it was a national song.

"Look at him," cried the cook; "doesn't he hold himself proud. What a head, what lovely legs, too."

"Who're you referring to?" cried Emma haughtily.

"The horse, stooped. Here he comes—King Daffodil—not your young man."

Marvis walked with the team to the appointed place where the gallop was to take place. Lyndal trotted alongside Arthur on her pony.

Neither of them spoke a word; now and then Lyndal looked at Arthur and smiled; her heart was too full for words. Love, friendship, her own happiness, hopes, and ambitions, she had put absolutely away. She had only one thought now in her big, unselfish heart—King Daffodil—Sir Tatton—Joe Marvis—Arthur—in short, victory.

It was not greed of gain that stirred her heart, nor stirred the hearts of that little band that silently wended their way through the morning mists over the soft, sweet turf, nor greed of gain nor vulgar ambition nor lust for fame or notoriety.

It was something that mere lookers-on at the game of life often fail to understand; a flower God planted in the soul of every man bidding him cultivate.

A desire to bring to perfection all life-born of the earth, a striving to beautify, to create, to perfect. As a mother cradles over her son and gives all she possesses, physically and mentally, to equip him for the battle of life, as she proudly nurtures him and trains him to be a king amongst men, praying that he may win life's great handicap and wear the victor's laurels, so do all who give birth, breed, nurture or train great thoughts, deeds or living creatures of creation, strive that they, their children, may win, may reach perfection—the goal God had set at the gates of Heaven.

Racing, training, breeding at Rose Cottage was more than a profession, more than a pastime; it was a duty, a fine art, and beautiful thing.

And this digression for those who think the turf consists solely of bookmakers and beer-bottles.

"Confound the mist," said Sir Tatton, as the

(Continued on page 11.)

OLD-FASHIONED COMPLEXION BEAUTIFIERS

Belief in the virtues of May dew for beautifying the complexion still survives, and in various parts of the country recently the old ceremony of bathing the face with dewdrops was observed. Probably most people nowadays are too proud to believe in the wonderful virtues of so simple an application, and when they read of Elaine gathering herbs at Sir Lancelot's bidding to prepare his bath it only excites amusement. Within a century or so ago every gentlewoman made a study of medicinal herbs and how they should be combined for healing and curative purposes; but science has now stepped in, and the means of keeping the skin healthy and beautiful are now available for everyone.

WHAT WE DO NOWADAYS.

In these later days we believe less in the mysterious virtues of various herbs, and our efforts are directed first to getting down to the real cause of a bad complexion, face spots or things of that kind; and next we endeavour to find something that will correct what is wrong. We realise now the health of the skin depends largely on the soap we use, and that by systematically maintaining the skin in a healthy condition it need never, and indeed ought never, to be otherwise than soft, pure, velvety, and dainty.

ALWAYS USE THE RIGHT SOAP.

The varieties of soap are simply innumerable, but they differ very greatly in their value. Some contain so much free alkali—that is to say, so much uncombined soda—that when applied to the skin they rob it of its natural oil, and instead of rendering it soft and silky they make it hard, dry, and ugly. Other soaps, too, contain free fat, with the result that they form a coating over it and stop up the pores, instead of thoroughly cleansing it and opening the pores and removing the dirt which has worked its way into them. Soaps such as we have referred to cannot possibly keep the skin clear, healthy, and beautiful, but are most mischievous and hinder the proper work of the skin. The moral is therefore plain for everyone who cares for their appearance and for the health of their skin and the health of their body. Make a point of discovering first which is the best soap, and second, of systematically using it.

WHAT SOAP SHOULD DO.

We have now shown what bad soap is, and we will next proceed to explain the requirements of a good soap. A perfect soap is one that not only removes impurities from the skin, but also keeps the pores open and clear, so that the skin fulfils its duties properly. If the pores are kept clear and open they will allow perspiration and the natural oil to pass out through them, and the work of the skin as a breathing organ will then be thoroughly performed, and the skin will always look fresh and clear as Nature intended it should. That is what soap should assist in doing, and that is exactly what "Antexema Soap" does. It is not scented with a strong perfume, to disguise the odour of bad material, but "Antexema Soap" possesses the refreshing fragrance and healing influence of the pine forest, and should invariably be used for bath, toilet, and the nursery. Purity, sweetness, refreshing, delightful cleanliness, and the glow of health are the sensations produced by using "Antexema Soap," which is pure as the pines. It is a genuine luxury to wash with it.

ARE YOU USING THE RIGHT SOAP?

This is a most important question for everyone who values their health and appearance, and we invite you to think it over for a moment. Why use an inferior soap when you can have a better one? And a thoroughly scientific preparation as "Antexema Soap," which enables those who possess a beautiful complexion to preserve its beauty, and those who are less fortunate in this way to greatly improve their appearance? If you want a velvety skin, do not put on preparations with the idea of improving its texture, but take off the scales of dead skin, which are renewed every day, and you will thus allow the new and perfect cuticle to furnish its own beauty.

WHAT "ANTEXEMA SOAP" DOES.

It makes the skin clear, pure, and healthy, and prevents pimples, blackheads, and red, rough, oily skin. It is the best preventative and healthiest cleanser, emollient, and antiseptic preparation for the face and skin. If you have not already tried it, you should procure a supply immediately, and you will be delighted with it and charmed with the wonderful improvement made in the appearance of your skin. Everyone who wishes for a soap that will add a new pleasure to the bath, double its refreshing power, and open the pores to liberate their activities, should use "Antexema Soap." For the toilet it is just exactly the right thing.

ALWAYS USE "ANTEXEMA SOAP."

The first step to the cure of any skin trouble is, of course, the use of "Antexema," but "Antexema Soap" should also be used at the same time. After a cure has been effected by "Antexema Soap" should be continued, as it will keep the skin delicate, smooth, and dainty, and do much to prevent the recurrence of the former trouble.

"ANTEXEMA SOAP"

is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d., or a tablet will be sent post free for 7d., or three tablets in a box for 1s. 6d., by "Antexema," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAVBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public favourite for the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating gawdwin in the power of Vogue. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXV.

Saturday, June 3, the last Saturday before Derby Day!

The Saturday before the great Epsom Carnival! Only three days more, and the greatest day of Arthur Merrick's life would dawn, would come—and go, lifting him high towards happiness, love, and honour, or dragging him down into the depths making a shipwreck not only of his life, but of the lives of others—lives he held dearer than his own.

He awoke with the first gleam of sunlight falling across his bed, with the birds chattering a noisy welcome to the day. He could see the swallows skimming against the white-flecked blue—for the curtains of his window were always open, daylight was the servant who woke him from his slumbers and bade him get to work.

To work!

Important work was to be done this day. King Daffodil was to have a final rousing gallop along with several of the best of Rose Cottage team, a

BLUEJACKETS AT THE NAVAL AND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.



Naval Brigade from the Victory advancing into action with their twelve pounders at the exhibition at the Agricultural Hall.

NEW KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL.



Design which has been approved for the structure at Denmark Hill. This shows what King's College Hospital will look like when it is rebuilt on a far less costly site than that which it occupies now in the heart of London.

ASSASSIN ASSASSINATED.



Prince Nakashidze, Governor of Baku, blown up with a bomb. He permitted and approved of the recent terrible massacres.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

horses emerged into view. "Afraid we shall have to wait a bit—ch, Marvis?"

"Oh, it's all right; good thing it isn't too clear. Any fool who happens to be hiding about on the hill will want a mighty fine pair of glasses if he's going to see the gallop."

"Don't much matter now who sees or knows, does it?" laughed the baronet. "I've backed him for the boy and for myself—and I've told my friends to back him. No need for secrecy—it's unlike you to keep things dark so long, Marvis, I'd like the public to know that I've got a good horse."

Marvis growled.

"Don't mind the public knowing, but there's a certain party who's a bit too anxious for my peace of mind—Bosche, Vogel, and Co. They're dead nuts on The Devil, and if they hear we've got a certainty there's no trick they wouldn't stoop to to beat us and win."

"Oh, you're getting nervous and fidgety at the eleventh hour," laughed Sir Tatton. "Luckily for Merrick's peace of mind he didn't hear the above conversation; he was standing with Lyndal beside King Daffodil watching him divested of his clothing."

"How I wish I were going to ride him!" Lyndal whispered.

Billy overheard her.

"I wish you was," he said. "I can't think, miss, how such a mistake as your being born a girl was ever allowed to pass!"

Merrick laughed good-humouredly; he had grown accustomed to Billy's antagonism; indeed, he had hardly noticed it since his decision to "go straight."

"All ready," cried Marvis. "Billy, you can take 'em up to the White Post, start them from there; and—let him go this time," he whispered to Merrick. "Push him along if necessary. Merry Madcap will jump in when you've covered half the

distance, and bring you along the last six furlongs. Just let the King beat him—if possible."

"That's asking a lot, isn't it?" Merrick said, as someone gave him a leg-up. "Merry Madcap's a rare sprinter."

He cantered King Daffodil in the direction of the White Post, the starting point. The course of the gallop was semi-circular, and the distance a mile and a half on the flat.

A slight breeze blew down the hill, sweeping the morning mists away, but here and there patches of white still hung over the grass and around the trees and bushes like ghostly wraiths, unwilling to hasten away with the night.

Suddenly, as Merrick neared the starting point, he was conscious of a figure hurrying towards him on his right, the figure of a woman.

He pulled King Daffodil into a walk, although he was some distance behind the other horses, for he knew in an instant that the woman was none other than Dolores.

"I thought you weren't coming," he cried as she reached his side, breathless, but smiling. "I feared four o'clock was hardly your hour."

"How unkind. I almost wish I hadn't come—dare I touch your hand, or will The King object?"

6

pages—The London
"Evening News," which
is the evening edition
of the "Daily Mail."

ORDER IT.

(Continued on page 13.)

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PIANO PLAYER

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6th April, 1905.



Mr. W. P. ENGLISH.

COMPLETELY CURED IN EIGHT DAYS.

3, The Terrace, Pleasley, near Mansfield.

Dear Sir,—You will, I know, be pleased to learn that after applying your Treatment for eight days only my hearing was completely restored. I intended writing you to this effect two months ago, but thought I would wait and see if my hearing went back again. As it has not done so I consider the cure a permanent one. The cause of my deafness was, as you know, colds in the head, and although I have had another very bad cold during the past week, I am pleased to say it has not had the slightest effect on my hearing. I can now hear as well as ever I did, and shall be pleased to recommend the "Keith-Harvey System" at any time.—Yours truly, E. H. KITCHENER.

6th March, 1905.



Mr. E. H. KITCHENER.

IF YOU

are a sufferer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once to Professor G. Keith-Harvey, 117, Holborn, London, E.C., for Pamphlet, fully describing an entirely new self-applied method, which he will send you gratis and post free on mentioning the "Daily Mirror."

RUBBER HEELS.



Why?

spoil the look of your boots or shoes? Why? Because accidents by wearing turning-style heels! when you can have the PENNA Elastic

Rubber Heels, an exact and secure fit to your leather heels, which do not betray their existence, look clumsy, or unsightly. If you wear Penna Heels no one can tell you are wearing Rubber Heels. The new DECK PENNA Heels have an overlying device to prevent slipping on Wet or Damp pavements, or wet ship decks, and they wear twice as long as any other style of rubber heel (turning-style or any other form). See the words DECK PENNA on each heel. Insist upon having them and no other.

LADIES', 9d.; MEN'S, 1/3 per pair.

Write for Pamphlet (FREE) to the Patentees—

HOWISON & CO., 4, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

PENNA HEELS are made to fit all sizes of Louis-shaped Heels.

A shoe disfigured by Round Heel.

The same shoe fitted with Penna Elastic Rubber Heels.

PLAYER'S Medium Navy Cut CIGARETTES



25/- STYLE BOOTS for 6/4

AMAZING VALUE.

For cross-stitch needle order value 6s. 4d., we forward, carriage paid, one pair Ladies or Gent.'s extra high-class brand new London West End Boots; every pair varnished; very latest style, easy fitting, given, elegant, and durable (average wear 12 months). State size, black or dark tan (best shade), boots or shoes button, lace, or bow lace, pointed, medium, or square toes. Money refunded instantly if not approved. Remit 6s. 4d. straight away; you will be astonished at the marvellous workmanship and value. We deliver at once. Manufacturers of beautiful, durable footwear by appointment to London West End trade and aristocracy for many years (established 1801). Every purchase means life comfort. Postal orders must be crossed, and don't forget to send Illustrated catalogue free.—THE TIMES BOOT CO., 25, Cumberwell-road, London.

HINDE'S

Circumstances alter cases. Hindle's Wavers alter faces.

real hair savers.

WAVERS



RUPTURE CURED. Dr. Fraser's ELECTRIC TRUSS. Holds like your finger; fits like a glove; acts like a charm. 65/- Booklet free if you call or write R.W. and mention this paper. Magnetic Electric Truss Co., 12, Finsbury Square, London, E.C. (estd. 30 years).

SAVE 25%

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83 to 89, ALDGATE, and 157, MINORIES, CITY.
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WE OFFER CASH ONLY FOR

TAILOR-MADE GENT'S SUITS

22/-

In the LATEST STYLES and PATTERNS of this SEASON at the Exceptionally LOW PRICE of

24/-

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

CHEAPER AND BETTER

than anywhere else.

We Give FREE OF CHARGE with our Boys' Suits AN EXTRA PAIR OF KNICKERS.

YOUR MONEY RETURNED OR GOODS EXCHANGED IF NOT APPROVED OF.

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FULLY GUARANTEED.
By Royal Appointment

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

There are 70 Models of RUDGE-WHITWORTHS from 25 to 215 lbs. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. From all Dealers or from Rudge-Whitworth, Coventry, and all Branches. Easy Payments from 4/6 monthly. 64 Page Catalogue, post free, from RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD., Dept. D 15 Coventry.

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SUPPLIED ON EASY TERMS,

From 6s. per Month.

Enjoying use of same while it is being paid. Designs post free.
W. J. HARRIS & Co., Ltd., 51, Rye Lane, Fackham, London, and Branches.

MOTHER, Buy me PEEK, FREAN & CO'S "VEDA" BISCUITS *I do like them*
Sample Tin 1/- Post Free from The VEDA FOOD CO North Bridge EDINBURGH.

Mackintosh's Toffee

makes FINE WEATHER at home

For FRYING, COOKING, and PASTRY

The Most Wholesome form of Fat

ATORA

Prepared from the Best English Beef Suet only.

Sold by Grocers and Dealers at 9d. per lb. Be sure you got ATORA and accept no other Brand.

Sole Manufacturers: HUDON & CO., Pendleton, Manchester.

SMART PELERINE COAT, TO BE MADE OF SILK, SATIN, OR CLOTH, AND THE PATTERN THEREOF.

THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

HOW TO CUT AND MAKE A SMART SUMMER WRAP.

The smart little pelerine coat sketched on this page will appeal to many women. There are three good reasons why this should be so; firstly, because it is so smart; secondly, because it is so easily made up at home; and thirdly, because, as a special offer, a paper pattern of it can be supplied. The original of the model was fashioned in white cloth with silver embroidery, as the finishing note to a white cloth skirt which a beautiful bride ordered last week from Paris. Perhaps this, however, would be an extravagant possession for many girls, and, therefore, as an alternative, I suggest taffetas, satin, linen, or pastel-grey cloth of a fine texture and smooth surface, as well as of any other colour to match a skirt. It could then be worn with any costume, smart or simple, and would be found a very welcome change from the more ordinary bolero or tight-fitting coat.

Usually Worn Open.

Two yards of double-width material will be required, and the diagram clearly sets forth the method of cutting out. Leave inch-wide turnings everywhere. If the sleeve frills are to be lined, use silk, as a very small quantity will suffice, and will considerably add to the elegant appearance of the coat. These frills are gathered on the top and set into the armhole, and a strap of machine-stitched cloth is then stitched on to conceal the join. To make a really professional-looking collar the cloth must be interlined with tailors' canvas. Velvet ribbon and velvet buttons make a nice finish, but lace or braid might equally well be requisitioned.

Buttonholes and buttons down the front serve to secure the coat on occasion, but it is usually worn open.

New Paris Trimming.

Naturally, the sketch by no means exhausts the capabilities of the trimming. A handsome passementerie instead of the stitching would have a very enriching effect, or rows of braid or velvet could be employed. But the latest touch in trimming of which Paris approves is stitching executed by machine, so nothing can excel that form of adornment as a smart choice.

If lined throughout, three and a half yards of silk will be required and two yards of double-width cloth.

The flat paper pattern costs 1d.; or, tacked up, including flat, 1s. 3d. A fully addressed wrapper or envelope should be sent with the order, which should be dispatched quickly, as the offer cannot remain open indefinitely. Ask for the *Daily Mirror* Coat Pattern, and address the letter: The Woman's Page, the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C.

The pattern is modelled in a good medium size only.



This pretty shirt is made of folded soft cream silk, and has a pointed yoke of butter-tinted lace.



Explanatory diagram of the pelerine coat.

WHITE ELEPHANTS.

The white elephant is now held in high favour in Paris as a mascot, particularly by the feminine portion of the community. It is quite the fashion now to present one of these miniature elephants to a friend in whom one is especially interested, and the gift is highly appreciated. These snowy elephants grace their owner's desk or dressing-table, or dangle from her neck chain. The fancy for them emanated from the Far East, where in some countries the white elephant is regarded as a sacred beast.



The charming and very useful little pelerine coat, a pattern of which is offered to-day.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

in the gallop were giving their diminutive mounts a vast amount of trouble.

"Petitcats," muttered the old man as Merrick rode up. "Petitcats! If I should be surprised to see him riding the race in a petticoat."

Those who overheard sniggered. Merrick could not help hearing, but he held his tongue and kept his temper.

"Ready," he said, purposely keeping King Daffodil in the background and out of the way of the heels of the other horses.

Billy dropped a handkerchief, and to a ragged start the four horses broke away, The King a length or two in the rear.

The little group of people in the hollow twelve furlongs away seemed suddenly turned to stone. Billy and the lads, with the horses' clothing in their arms, started at the double to join them, taking a short cut across the track.

And here and there where previously nothing more than a furze-bush or a wreath of white mist had been visible, appeared a human head and shoulders and a pair of race glasses.

The news—"That old Joe Marvis had something hot up his sleeve, and that it wasn't unlikely something might be seen before the week-end"—had got about among certain "heads," and there were a few early birds looking for their worm-under cover.

King Daffodil pricked his ears and took a look at the three pairs of heels pounding away a length or two ahead of him. They weren't worth bothering about—so he gave a friendly kick. Merrick gave him a friendly reminder that he was out on business.

"What does this mean," said King Daffodil, switching his tail like an electrical fan.

"It means that you're out to show us what you can do," replied Merrick—in the colt's own language—sitting down and riding, but still keeping the colt well in hand.

"Oh, does it," snuffed the thoroughbred, "then here goes."

And before Merrick knew where he was, King Daffodil was alongside his horses and taking them along at a rare pace.

"Steady, old boy, steady," Merrick whispered, lying almost flat on the colt's neck: "Steady!"

"You want to see what I can do, don't you?" King Daffodil replied. "Well, I'm going to show you. Out of the way with those old stable crocks."

Merrick was in good condition, his arms were like steel, and the King's mouth was like silk. But now he could make no impression on him; it seemed as if the colt were running away with him.

Just half the distance had been covered. King Daffodil was out by himself—when in jumped the sprinter, Merry Madcap. The colt was alongside him in an instant, and together they raced neck and neck towards the little group not four furlongs away.

The wind shrieked joyously past them, the glad turf echoed the beat of hoofs like the rattle of drums. That was all Merrick was conscious of, that and the colt's ears as he peered between them at the distant group of people.

Neck and neck they raced. No, Merry Madcap's neck was in front, he was leading. Of course, he'd continue to lead. If the King held him, stuck to him, it was all that was required of him. That was good enough, indeed.

But suddenly Merrick felt inspired that they (he and the colt) should do better. Their blood was up, they were racing!

The winning-post was three furlongs distant now, where those levelled glasses glistened in the sunlight, where a woman's hat fluttered.

If King Daffodil could beat Merry Madcap now! Merrick forgot that he was asking him more than was required, asking him, not the impossible, perhaps, but something near it!

King Daffodil was given his head now—so was Merry Madcap; the latter's jockey got his whip up and the horse forged further ahead. Merrick whispered to the colt—shouted to him. He began to hide with his hands, with his body, with his whole being—his brain!

Again only a neck divided them. . . . That little group of people, seemingly carved in stone, looked big between King Daffodil's ears. Merrick took up his whip—but it only touched the colt like a feather descending—his knees, his hands, his voice whipped him, spurred him, urged him. "Now, old boy, get your head in front! Go—go in, my King!"

"Get my head in front? With pleasure!" At

least, that's what Merrick told Dolores King Daffodil said as they flashed past the human winning-post a length and three-quarters ahead of Merry Madcap, with the rest nowhere.

Strange to say, not a word was spoken. Billy, panting with his race across the turf, stood ready with the colt's clothing; his single eye danced a sort of excited breakdown in its socket. Sir Tatton Fownley shut his race-glasses into their case with an expressive snap, and, finding Lyndal beside him, took her hand and held it in his, pressing it tightly.

Marvis helped Merrick to dismount, gave him a terrific clap on the back, and then, turning away, blew his nose violently. Dolores stood aside, her face pale, but very happy; though she understood least of all the significance of the gallop.

The only "person" absolutely unconcerned was King Daffodil. He stood still whilst his clothing was put on, not the least distressed, though perhaps a trifle excited and pleased with himself, trying to nibble the grass, and when he was bawled in that, making a playful grab at Marvis's "understandings."

Someone helped Merrick into his coat; there was a general movement down the hill towards Rose Cottage; but Merrick remained behind with Dolores. Taking her arm he walked quickly away in the opposite direction to which the others had gone, towards a large clump of mist-encircled furze bushes.

"You're pleased, you're satisfied," Dolores whispered, looking proudly up into the handsome, flushed face close to her own. "You feel certain of winning—"

"Yes, certain of winning—everything!"

They had reached the clump of furze bushes now, and, as Merrick spoke, a rough, ragged figure jumped up from the white mist and yellow gorse and confronted the lovers with a hoarse laugh. The rough, ragged figure of the man Merrick had found in the garden at Rose Cottage.

He doffed his hat with mock politeness. "Allow me to offer my congratulations," he grinned, "on the splendid gallop I've just witnessed, and to express my sympathy that you'll find it impossible to win—everything!"

(To be continued.)

Gradually but surely overcomes the tendency to Habitual Constipation.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS
NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE.

Promptly cures all ailments caused by Sluggish Liver, Bowels & Kidneys.



Icilma.

Icilma Natural Water is a marvellous, painless remedy for styes, sore eyes, chilblains, chaps, nettle-rash, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, and insect stings. Prevents and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema, and irritations from heat riding or weakness.

Icilma Floor Cream contains no grease, and its cleansing virtues make the skin healthy transparent, free from roughness, wrinkles, and a revelation of what a lovely clear complexion that needs no powder.

Icilma Soap is invaluable for hard or brackish water, and for all skin irritations and is a revelation of what a toilet and medicinal soap can be.

Its marvellous healing and beautifying powers, its refreshing effects when tired, irritated, or warm, its absolute harmlessness, make Icilma a necessity in every home and to every traveller.

Water 1s., Cream 1s., Soap 10d.
Send 8d. stamp for samples of Soap and Cream, and Booklet with Coupon.

ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. B), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London

Telephone 5663 Central.

MADAME DOWDING, THE "PRETTY POLLY."



From 25s. to 31 Guineas.

MADAME DOWDING, Corsetiere, 8 & 10, CHARING CROSS ROAD (Opposite the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square).
IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Madame Dowding is sorry she cannot send the REDINGTON by return of post, the demand for the little garment being so great that it is impossible to get them made in less than six days after receipt of order.
GENTLEMEN'S BELTS A SPECIALTY.

"Hair Growth on Heads" which have been **Bald for Years**

This is an extraordinary assertion. I have never made it upon my own responsibility, but I set it forward to your attention as being the main feature of hundreds of recommendatory letters which have reached me. I have culled a few such letters from my extensive files, and invite your perusal. They are all genuine,

and open to fullest investigation, and were sent to me voluntarily. I have omitted to print the complete name and address in most instances for obvious reasons, but every letter can be shown and perused at my London Office. To every thinking person this unsolicited testimony must carry conviction.

READ THESE REMARKABLE LETTERS:—

New Hair at 53.



SEITZBERGHE.
John Craven-Burleigh, Esq.—For many years the hair on my head had been falling out, and I had used all sorts of so-called restorers in vain, including nearly a dozen bottles of one widely-advertised liquid remedy. These had no effect. Having heard of the great cures effected by the John Craven-Burleigh hair-growing preparation, I gave yours a trial. The results made me very happy. The growth was steady and positive. I have pleasure in enclosing my photograph, which has just been taken at the age of 53 years, and which you may use if you wish. I certainly advise all persons needing a true hair-grower to use yours. It will surely prove successful.

JOHN V. COEVEDEN.

10070 BALD FOR 19 YEARS.

Exeter.
Dear Sir—Enclosed please find postal order for three boxes of your hair preparation. The box I have used with success. I have been baldheaded for nineteen years, and the regular use of your preparation has commenced to make my hair grow, for which I am very thankful to you. My friends are all talking about my hair growing, being astonished. I shall stick to it until my head is covered. Kindly send by return.

H. WILKS.

14093 BALD FOR 10 YEARS.

Dacre Park, Blackheath, S.E.
Dear Sir—Of your hair grower I must say that it is a complete success in my case. I am only just commencing the second box, and already my head is thickly covered with hair, and when I tell you that for nearly ten years the top of my head has been almost entirely bald, you will agree that that is very good. However, I thankfully write you these few words of appreciation, and I have already mentioned you to friends.

SAM GEORGE WATTS.

4206 NEW HAIR AFTER 7 YEARS.

Salford, Manchester.
Dear Sir—Your letter to hand. No one could have more faith than I in your hair grower. The Trial Box has already done much good, one can see new hair already. My hair has been off for seven years. If your pomade brings hair on it will advertise itself. I am telling all my friends about it.

5489 "BALD AS A BILLIARD BALL."

Burying, Manchester.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I have tried many other preparations, and might as well have rubbed a lamp-post with them, but your preparation has actually caused my hair to grow within a week, though my head was almost as bald as a billiard ball.

JAMES T. PEARSON (Engineer).

4403 LITTLE GIRL BALD 7 YEARS.

Shipton-on-Stour.
Sir—I am writing to tell you of the splendid results from your hair grower. My little girl lost all her hair when she was between one and two years old, and for more than seven years was totally bald. She also has a boy younger, whose hair commenced falling in exactly the same way. We tried every preparation for the hair that we heard of for quite seven years, without the slightest result, until I saw your advertisement. I am just using the large tin, and the boy's hair has stopped falling, and the patches are filling in. The little girl's head is almost entirely covered with strong brown hair, all over the front it is three or four inches long, but is slower growing at the back. I need scarcely tell you how delighted we are, and she is so pleased to have hair of her own that she takes her wig off and shows it to anyone who knows she was bald. She does not wear the wig much now, and will soon be able to do without it entirely. I have still one tin by me, but shall send for more when that is gone.

S. J. HOLTER.

9413 BALD FOR 30 YEARS.

Bromsgrove.
Dear Sir—I am pleased to tell you that my hair is now growing very nicely indeed again after being bald for over thirty years. I think it is one of the wonders of the day, and I feel very proud to tell you that you can advertise this and show the public the value of your hair-growing formula. For after I had tried many other things, that cost me, I may say, pounds, every one had failed but yours.

C. PRICE.

6021 BALD FOR SEVERAL YEARS.

Rotherhithe.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Will you kindly send me a box of your hair grower, for which I enclose P.O. The Trial Box you sent me has done a wonderful lot of good. My hair is now growing on the fore part of my head, which has been bald for several years. I shall certainly recommend you at every opportunity.

JOHN SANDERSON.

22105 BALD 35 YEARS.

Brighton.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I did receive your parcel on the 18th ult., and beg to say that after using your box of pomade twelve nights was much surprised to find that a new growth was plainly apparent. This, after a period of thirty years' baldness, is truly remarkable and very encouraging.

WALTER STEWART.

17582 ACTED LIKE MAGIC.

Portsmouth, Edinburgh.
Dear Sir—I am delighted with the result of using your hair-growing pomade. For many years I have had great annoyance with my hair. I thought of trying your preparation, and my head can now boast of a plentiful covering. The thing has acted very much like magic.

CATHERINE MCGREGOR.

Quite Long and Thick.



HAMMERSMITH, W.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Two years ago the hair came off the back of my head, leaving a place the size of a five-shilling piece. I tried two other hair-growing preparations for some months without the least benefit. Six months ago I saw your advertisement. I decided to try a sample which you so kindly sent me. After using as directed for four nights, I asked my wife to see if there was any hair coming on the bare place, and to my surprise she said, "Yes, I can see more than a dozen hairs sprouting up." I finished up the box, and in less than a month the hair was as long and thick as on any other part of my head. I have told dozens about it, and given your address, and shall do my best in this way to thank you for what you have done for me.

C. SANGER.

15489 BALD FOR 12 YEARS.

A well-known London Editor writes:—
Dear Sir—You may be interested in knowing that I have had a bald patch for the last twelve years, and never imagined that hair would grow on it. Last week, however, your advertisement appeared in my magazine, and curiosity prompted me to write you for a Trial Box of your preparation. Although quite small, I used it for a few days, and before the tin was half empty, what was my surprise at finding a growth of hair almost covering the two-year-old bald patch. Now, I want you to let me have a large box to continue the treatment to a successful finish. I congratulate you on having introduced a hair grower which genuinely is a hair grower.

5178 BALD FOR 20 YEARS.

Northgate-road.
Wandsworth Common, S.W.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Kindly forward me three boxes of your hair restorer. Am perfectly satisfied with the last I had; indeed, my hair has grown several inches, and I have been bald over twenty years.

MR. JOHN COLES.

8257 BALD FOR MANY YEARS.

Boscombe.
Dear Sir—After being bald on the top of my head for many years, and gradually getting worse after trying so many preparations, I am very pleased to tell you that there is quite a growth of hair where I was quite bald. I am recommending it to all I know.

M. SYM.

7013 BALD SINCE 14.

Durham.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I received your hair grower all right, and have applied it according to directions. I am very pleased to inform you that I had great improvement. I have been troubled with baldness for ten years now, although I am only twenty-four. Sufficient improvement has been made since using your preparation to justify a further trial. I am, therefore, forwarding P.O. for three boxes.

J. F. BROWN.

10263 YOUNG GIRL BALD 5 YEARS.

Whittingham, Manchester.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I am pleased to tell you that your pomade is simply marvellous. This is the case of a young girl, fifteen years of age, and bald for about five years. We were quite weary of trying remedies that did not do one bit of good, until we bought a box of yours, the effect of which I have told you.

DONE MORE THAN ANY OTHER REMEDY.

Eastwood, Notts.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—I am very pleased indeed with your hair grower, and only wish that I could have had some of it years ago. I can safely say that your preparation has done more than any other I have ever used. I shall not forget to recommend your pomade to my friends.

GEORGE NEWTON.

2082 NEW HAIR AFTER 12 YEARS.

South Benfleet, Essex.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—Will you please forward me three boxes of your preparation? I am greatly pleased with the effects of the last box that I have used. After having lost my hair between twelve and fifteen years, I find, through using your preparation, that new hairs are beginning to show themselves, and growth is proceeding most encouragingly.

A. COOMBS.

9245 HAIR LOST 14 YEARS AGO.

New Shoreham.
Dear Sir—Kindly send me three boxes of your preparation. The Trial Box you sent me has produced beyond my expectation, as I thought my hair would never come back again, but I am thankful to say there is a nice growth of hair coming. I have been without hair on my head about fourteen years or over. I think this result remarkable after all this time.

G. DAW.

18021 NEW HAIR AFTER 16 YEARS.

Abbots Langley, Herts.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—A few weeks since you kindly sent my wife a free sample of your hair-producing preparation. Well, that was for myself, and I do not mind telling you that I was somewhat prejudiced against such things, and at first would not use it. However, my wife persuaded me to try it. I have done so, and I can see a soft downy hair starting into growth where none existed before—namely, on the fore part of my head above the forehead. I am now sending you an order for more. My age is forty-one, and my hair began to weaken when I was twenty-five, and has since been gradually falling off.

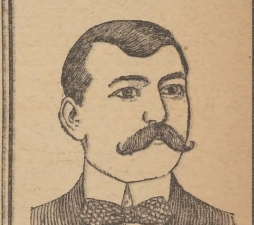
JOHN F. DAVIES.

7272 EXCEEDINGLY PLEASED.

Paisley.
Dear Sir—I am exceedingly pleased to let you know that the tin of your preparation has been an entire success. The hair has started to grow on the top of my head at a rapid rate, where I have been quite bald for a good number of years. I will soon have as good a head of hair as ever I had.

ALLAN SCOTT.

"I Was Quite Bald."



ROTHERHITHE.
Mr. John Craven-Burleigh—After using one tin of your valuable compound I am more than pleased with the result. For five or six years my hair had been falling off, and I was quite bald. I can assure you that I spent many pounds in buying preparations which promised to cure, and had given up in despair until a friend sent me a sample tin of your true hair grower. I tried it. The result was so satisfactory that I purchased a large box, and as a result of its use, my hair is now growing splendidly. I am very sensitive about the subject of baldness, and was accustomed to wear a cap at business to cover the unsightliness, but now I don't mind, thanks to your hair-growing compound, as my head is now covered with hair.

E. EDWARDS.

DR. ANDREW NELSON ON INTERNAL HAIR REMEDIES.

AN EMINENT OPINION.

With reference to the possibility of hair growth being influenced by drugs taken internally, the following opinion was expressed recently by Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., in an article on "Care of the Hair," which I recommend to the notice of readers:—

"Whatever improves the general health may incidentally improve the growth of the hair, but for the notion that any internal medicine can act specifically on the hair, either by destroying microbes which cause baldness, or in any other way, there is no justification whatever. Where hair growth has to be stimulated the direct application to the scalp of a suitable lotion or pomade constitutes the proper and only effective line of treatment."

GREAT DISTRIBUTION of LARGE TRIAL BOXES

GOOD FOR TEN DAYS TO READERS OF THE "DAILY MIRROR."

My offer is a straightforward, honest proposition from a business man to sensible men and women. The merit of my True Hair Grower is in the preparation itself, and, so that you can make a fair test, if you write to me within ten days from this date, I will send you a large TRIAL BOX of the John Craven-Burleigh True Hair Grower for Six Stamps Only. You will then soon be able to prove whether my statement that it does actually grow hair is true or not. I was bald; it cured me, and it has cured thousands of others. Package will be sent securely sealed in plain wrapper.

EXPERT ADVICE TO CALLERS FREE.

ADDRESS—

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,
27A, Craven House,
Opposite British Museum,
London.

LARGE TRIAL BOX COUPON

"DAILY MIRROR," May 26, 1905.

Good for 10 Days from Date.

Cut this out and enclose full name and address with six stamps to—

JOHN CRAVEN-BURLEIGH,
62, Opposite British Museum,
London.

Printed and Published by THE PICTORIAL NEWSPAPER CO
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1905.